

John Duke 313 Strand

PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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ONE PENNY.

COURSING.

Coursing meetings are now being very generally held in the provinces; but the weather has been by no means propitious for the sport. Our engraving of a coursing match represents a portion of the run at the Market Drayton meeting last week. The following remarks upon coursing, we extract from "British Sports and Pastimes," published some time since in RAYNOLD'S MISCELLANY:—

Once more to the fields and coverts, but not with dog and gun, or bestriding the high-mettled hunter, although poor puss is again to be the sport of the day. We'll content ourselves now with being quiet spectators of one of the oldest of our British sports—that of coursing. When we say one of the oldest, we might almost say it is the oldest that has been handed down to us from generation to generation, with little alteration in either terms or the method of conducting the sport. Old works are extant where certain set phrases of the time of Arrian are still maintained at our coursing meetings. This is at once sufficient to establish this sport as the oldest, when we consider that this is going back one thousand seven hundred years and more. Long since this period we had our wild boar and wolf hunts, the baiting of bulls, the matching of lions and tigers with dogs, and other then "national" sports; yet still, with all these wild and dangerous pursuits and encounters, poor puss was even then not thought too mean and tame to be despoiled for a day's sport.

Coursing, however, is not a very manly sport. True, there is plenty of excitement in it: but it is more for bringing out the qualities of dogs than anything else—excepting, perhaps, a smart run to get a view of the whole course, and what takes place in it.

Yet, notwithstanding its antiquity, public coursing was not one of our "national" sports till Charles the First patronised it. From that period it has been perpetuated more or less by our leading sporting nobility, and the stakes per annum invested in this way are probably now between £80,000 and £40,000. Formerly, coursing was generally a private meeting in a nobleman's park, or in some favourable part of his estate, carried out by means of a club, to get into which required the usual forms of entrance fees and balloting. At these meetings the stakes were sometimes pretty heavy, while bets ran high on the relative merits of the dogs.

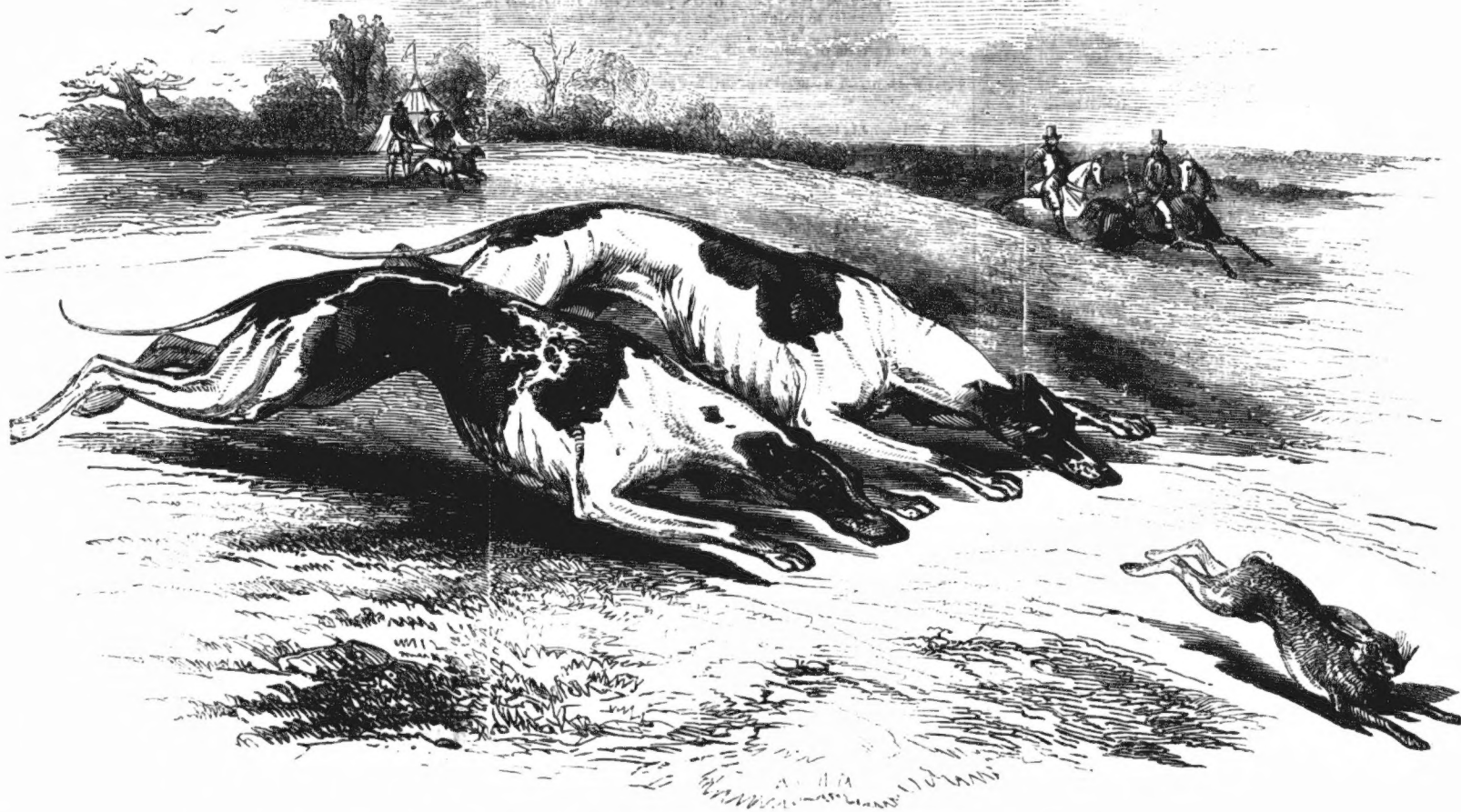
In some of our counties, as well as in Scotland and Ireland, coursing meetings are as popular as the local horse races; and as much attention is paid to the kennelling and training of dogs as is bestowed on the stabling of the more noble animal. In fact, time was when, although a nobleman could not refuse a stiff price for his best racer, yet no money would purchase one of his breed of coursing greyhounds. Ultimately, this monopoly of choice breeds became open; and now a young pup of good breed may be had for about five guineas. Even then the necessary requisites for a first-rate coursing hound are not obtained. Many a hound has fetched more than a sterling good hunter; and a dog of any note at all will be difficult to get under twenty guineas.

The value of the dog, however, depends on the locality in which he is to be coursed. The highly-bred and fleet Newmarket greyhound would be useless in many counties where the merit of the dog is not so much in the speed as in the bottom and strength. Consequently, to suit particular districts, dogs have been bred from all kinds of crosses, until all the requisites peculiar to the country have been brought out. Hence, we have the Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Wiltshire, Newmarket, Scotch (smooth and rough), and Irish grey-

hounds, each of them possessing some requisites and perfections apart from the others.

Prior to the coursing meeting of any celebrity, the hounds entered undergo far more training, dieting, and physical attention than the horse, or even an aquatic champion, or tip-top pedestrian, when about to contest for the belt or the championship. The choicest bits of horseflesh, roasted, broiled, or fried, and afterwards scalded and just boiled, are dished up with spices and seeds, with all the skill of a disciple of Boyer. Beefsteaks, legs of mutton, cow-heel, calves' feet, and other tender or jelly-like edibles, are all prepared with as careful attention as though for my sick lady of the mansion herself, with broths, mixtures, spice balls, &c. Well may these be called lucky dogs, and many a helper in the kennel has looked with longing eyes on his master's dogs' dinner, and would give many an hour's sweat of his brow for only one-half of such dish to take home to a poor sick wife or child.

But we must leave the dogs a short time, and turn to what is taking place on and along the course. This is a good wide range near a covert, with here and there hedgerows and high grounds. There are plenty of spectators on all available spots near the course, the boundaries of which are indicated by men with flags to keep the spectators away from the line. These are termed the field stewards, and are appointed by the committee. There is also the flag stewards, who give the colour of the winning dog; the slip stewards, to see that the dogs are ready for slipping; and the beaters. The most important functionaries are the judge and the "slipper." These, of course, must be entirely disinterested parties. The first is generally mounted, unless the ground is so peculiarly adapted for the purpose as to command a view of the whole boundaries. His duties are very onerous, consequent upon nothing



COURSING.—MARKET DRAYTON OPEN MEETING.

the different points gained by the dogs in the run, or up to a certain point where he can no longer follow. The owners of the dogs are also pretty near him, and they also keep check as to the number of points gained.

We may observe that the hounds run in couples, and the duties of the "slipper" are to let slip the dogs the moment they sight the hare. Perhaps the first gets sight some distance off; he has, therefore, to run with all speed till he has brought the hounds in sight, too, and then slip them together without either check or jerk. The qualities for a slipper can be well judged from these duties. Sometimes a steward or some other competent person is stationed by his side, and who runs with him and gives orders when to slip, for sometimes a hare may start out immediately before; but he is not allowed to slip the dogs till he is perhaps fifty or eighty yards distant, according to the nature of the ground or how close to a thicket. In the meantime, beaters have been stationed at the back of the copse or gorse, opposite the entrance of the desired course if it is wished the hare to take. At a given signal, these commence beating down or up towards the course, as the case may be, while the "slipper" either walks a few yards in advance of them, or is seated behind a tree or shrub near the point where it is likely the hare will be driven out.

Previous to all this, the value of the stakes have, of course, been determined upon, and the dogs to run duly entered. This latter is generally managed like a lottery, and is called "the draw." Each person that wishes to enter a dog has given him a small slip of paper, on which he enters the name, age, weight, pedigree &c., of his dog. When all have entered, these slips of paper are all evenly folded, placed in a hat, shaken up, and then drawn. As they are drawn, so they are entered, and run in that order. This opens up a wide field of speculation, as none know the dogs that will run against them until the papers are opened; consequently, bets on the number of points gained by a certain dog in a course are by no means a certainty, as the other running dog may possibly show qualities superior in cunning or sagacity, which will overbalance that of speed. Much also depends upon the hare. Some will go away straight ahead. Others will double, and may then be mopped up by the hound in the rear, so that sometimes an inferior dog will gain more points in a course than a first-rater. Oursing, therefore, is much more speculative than horse-racing, and is not open to those trickeries and juggling so characteristic of the latter sport.

THE CHOLERA IN AMERICA

A PHILADELPHIA letter contains the following:—"The steamer City of New York which sailed for Queenstown and Liverpool from New York on November 4 took the first brief announcement that the cholera had reached America. Its arrival found us entirely unprepared, and, as may easily be supposed, created a great panic. When the steamship Atlanta, which had the disease on board, sailed into New York harbour, early on the morning of November 3, the authorities of the great American cities were busily discussing the proper precautions to be taken to prevent the approach of the epidemic as if its visiting America were but a remote probability. The consternation it caused when the news was spread over the country was something like the excitement following the fall of Bunker Hill. Every man told his neighbour not to be frightened, but the whole was himself quaking with fear. The panic is uncontrollable, and the rulers of the country, national, State, and municipal, are abused without stint, and so thoroughly roused are the people that, were the disease to appear in any of our cities, the infected quarter would have small chance of escape from the incendiary's torch. The steamship Atlanta, which brought the disease among us, is now closely guarded in the lower bay of New York, near Sandy Hook and all communication with her is forbidden. She had on board 548 passengers, all of whom are kept at Sandy Hook. There had been sixty cases of cholera on board, the first one appearing after the vessel sailed from Brazil, and of the sick sixteen had died. The cholera being among us, all precautions of health commissioners and quarantine officers will be of little avail, for on its former visits, although the vessel bringing it was kept in close quarantine, it soon appeared in filthy places in the city, and in two or three days spread over the country. The rapid approach of winter may in this case neutralize the poison, but the probabilities are that it will soon fasten itself on the New York tenement houses and become a confirmed epidemic. Now that it has come, the boards of health, which before its arrival did nothing but talk, are going to work in earnest. New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Boston are to be thoroughly cleaned, and if labour and money can keep off the disease it will remain at Sandy Hook."

EXTRAORDINARY DEATH OF A GIRL.—A remarkable accident has just occurred at Abertare, Glamorganshire. It is a common practice in colliery districts for the poorer inhabitants to provide themselves with coals from such fragments as fall about on the roads and tramways from the various passing trucks and waggons. On Saturday morning a girl about sixteen years old, named Eliza Price, was sent by her parents before daybreak in search of coal, and she succeeded in procuring her full of a lump weighing between thirty and forty pounds. Having placed it on her head she was carrying it home, when, upon passing down one of the cinder tops, her foot slipped, and she was thrown backward. The block of coal fell forward, and came with its entire weight upon her chest and stomach. On recovering herself a little she contrived to stagger home, and on entering her parents' cottage exclaimed, "Mother, I got the coal, but I fell down, and it has killed me." Her mother was terribly alarmed, but on the poor girl exclaiming, "Oh, I am dying," she carried her to an up-stairs room, where, in a very few minutes afterwards she expired.

A THEFT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.—Mr. W. Payne, coroner for the City of London, held an inquest, on Saturday, relative to the death of Nicholas O'Brien, aged twenty-nine years, who died while in prison at the City gaol at Holloway. The deceased was a jobbing porter at a City wine-merchant's, and while so employed at the end of October, he secreted a bottle of wine to take to his wife, who was ill of fever, and was then an inmate of the Fever Hospital. He was stopped and searched, and the wine being found upon him he was given into custody, and taking before the sitting magistrates at the Mansion House, by whom he was sentenced to six weeks' hard labour for "unlawful possession." Mr. John Weatherhead, governor of the City prison, said that the deceased was brought in on the 31st Oct. He applied on the 8th inst. to see the doctor. On the 15th died of typhus fever. Deborah O'Brien, 4, Robin Hood-place, Half Moon-street, Blithemore, the widow of the deceased, who trembled excessively, and seemed to be in a dying state, said that she knew nothing about the arrest of her husband, as she had been ill of fever for the last five weeks. He had visited her three times in the hospital. When she came out she found the house broken up. Her husband was in prison, and two of her children were in the workhouse. Mr. Thomas Graham, prison surgeon, said that the deceased when brought into the prison had no appearance of illness, but no doubt the fever was in his system. He subsequently fell ill, became delirious, and had convulsions, and he died from fever on the 15th inst. It was said that numerous cases of fever had taken place in the neighbourhood of Robin Hood-place during the last few weeks. The coroner, having summed up the jury returned a verdict of "Death from typhus fever from natural causes."

Dr. Barry's Dietetic Health Restorer Invalid and Infant's Food. The Ravenna Arabia, yielded twice the nourishment of the best meat, and cost a without medicine or inconvenience Dyspepsia (indigestion), Bile, Constipation, Debility, Palpitation, Constipation, Dizziness, Nervousness, Blurred Vision, and Stomach complaints, and saves fifty times its cost in other remedies. 50,000 cures annually. Dr. Barry and Co., 77, Regent-street, London, W. In bottles at 1s. 1d., 1lb. 2s. 9d.; 12 lbs. 22s.; 24 lbs. 40s. At all chemists.—[Advertisement.]

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The guests invited to Compiègne, arrived in batches, sixty-four in number. When to the guests is added the household of the Emperor and Empress, it appears that thirty-two persons are at this moment enjoying the fêtes of Compiègne. It would be impossible to exaggerate the magnificent style in which the imperial hospitality is dispensed at this residence. From the moment a guest arrives, whether attended by a private servant or not, one of the Emperor's footmen is attached to his service, designates his suite of apartments, and informs him of the hours and habits of the chateau, and during dinner stands behind his chair.

A Paris letter, in the *Augsburg Gazette*, narrates the following anecdote:—"While with the Emperor on an excursion in the mountains, near Biarritz, the Empress perceived a man crippled from paralysis sitting in the sun before his cottage. While Napoleon III. was questioning the sufferer as to his infirmity, and promising assistance, the Empress observed a child four years of age who appeared to be suffering also. This was the only child of the poor man, and she was suffering from dysentery. The Empress asked with emotion the man if he would trust his daughter to her for some time. The consent having been obtained, her Majesty called a young country woman, and gave the child to her to carry to the imperial residence. When the peasant woman arrived with her burthen she paused on the threshold of the villa, not daring to enter, as she was bare-footed. The Empress, however, said, 'Come in; do not be afraid,' and the young woman then entered, and laid her charge on a velvet sofa. The child was carefully attended to until she recovered, and both she and the father were munificently assisted."

ITALY.

King Victor Emmanuel opened the session of the new parliament in person at Florence, and delivered the following speech:—

"When I opened parliament in the city which was the first guardian of Italy's destiny I always spoke words of encouragement and hope, and my words have always been followed by prosperous events. It is with the same confidence that I speak to you here, where we shall also be able to vanquish all obstacles for the complete vindication of our autonomy. My Government welcomed from deference to the Papacy, and for the satisfaction of the religious interests of the majority of the population, the proposals for negotiations, which it broke off when it judged that they might be prejudicial to the rights of the Crown and of the nation. Time and the force of events will solve the questions pending between Italy and the Papacy. We must remain faithful to the convention of September, which France will completely carry out within the appointed time. Henceforth it will be easy to wait. The situation has much improved."

The King then alluded to the good relations existing between Italy and the Powers of Europe and North and South America, and spoke of the recognition of Italy by Spain, Bavaria and Saxony. His Majesty continued:—

"The Latin nations, united by fresh ties, are acquiring a community of interests and aspirations with the noble peoples of Germany, thus causing ancient prejudices and recourses to disappear. Italy will take her place among the great States of Europe co-operating in the triumph of justice and liberty. (Applause.) Liberty has produced favourable results at home; the Administration, public works, the laws, and the army have been assimilated with results which in other countries have required the work of generations. This is a good augury for the future. The Ministry will bring forward Bills to complete the assimilation of the laws of the kingdom, and others relating to the education of the poorer classes, the improvement of the public credit, and the execution of works of public utility. The principal difficulty is to bring about an equilibrium of the finances without impairing the organization of the military and naval forces. It is painful to me that fresh sacrifices must be asked of my people, but its patriotism will not be found wanting. We shall divide the taxes as equitably as possible, reducing at the same time the public expenses as much as lies in our power. Italy must free herself from the ruins of the past. You will deliberate upon the reparation of the Church and State, and the suppression of the religious bodies (Applause.) Nothing will destroy the national work. A complete change is taking place among the peoples of Europe. The future belongs to God. If fresh combats should become inevitable, the sons of Italy will rally around me. (Applause.) If the force of civilization prevails, the wisdom of the nation will know how to profit by it in order to maintain intact the rights and the honour of Italy. We must advance frankly in the path of the national policy, and we are certain of your concurrence. Confiding in the affection of my people and the valour of the army, I will not fail in the great work which we must transmit complete to our descendants."

AMERICA.

A Philadelphia letter says:—"The steady decrease of the Federal army and navy does not look much like a contemplated war with England if she refuses to pay the Alabama claims. Another large detachment of troops has been mustered out this week, and when they have left the army it will not number over 61,000 men. This includes all branches of the service, black and white, regulars and volunteers—43,246 being regulars and the remainder volunteers. The navy, too, is steadily decreasing, one vessel after another going out of commission, and hundreds of sailors and marines daily leaving the service. This looks very little like a war with England; and when we add to it that our newspapers deprecate all violence, nearly every journal continuously urging the vital importance of peace between the two countries—that in the political contests in New York and Jersey, wherever the subject has been spoken of, the universal sentiment of both parties has been opposed to a war, and the politicians have placed themselves upon such feelings as an evidence of the popularity of their course—that neither the President, nor Secretary of State, nor General Grant, nor any one supposed to know their views, has uttered one word favourable to a lasting peace—and that the news of the death of Lord Palmerston has been received in all parts of the United States with profound and unfeigned sorrow, and the only fear is that the new Premier might not be as friendly to the United States as the old one—the prospects of a war are more remote than ever. I repeat what I have always said, that no diplomatic difference, however grave, will be permitted to break the peace between the two countries, and that the United States will yield their claims before they will allow them to proceed to a rupture. The intimate relations between England and America oppose a new war too strongly for any claims founded on doubtful law to neutralize their influence."

A strange accident happened in New York on November 5. Some time before a guest at one of the hotels left a box as security for his board, saying he would soon return and redeem it. On the morning of November 5 smoke was seen issuing from the box, and two men carried it out into the street. Scarcely had they placed it on the flagstones when it exploded with tremendous force, scattering the surrounding buildings and injuring twenty-two persons. Scarcely a fragment was left of the torpedo, for such it proved to be. The police rushing to the spot, arrested all the occupants of the hotel, and the matter is now being investigated.

HAYTI.

BOMBARDMENT OF PORT-AU-PRINCE BY AN ENGLISH MAN-OF-WAR.

News has arrived at Liverpool from Cape Hayti that Her Majesty's ship Bulldog had bombarded Port-au-Prince, reported to be

in consequence of an attack on the English Consulate. The town was considerably injured, and the magazine blown up. While engaged in the bombardment the Bulldog got on shore, and a rumour was current at Port-au-Prince that the captain had blown her up, escaping with his crew upon a Haytian steamer. President Gelfard had joined the forces besieging Cape Hayti, but there was not much progress making. A general feeling of uneasiness existed among the foreign residents at Port-au-Prince, as the rebellion and the slow progress making against the Cape Hayti rebels were causing some excitement among the negroes.

EXTRAORDINARY DUEL IN LIVERPOOL.

In order to divest the following extraordinary narrative of anything like romance, to which it certainly bears a resemblance, the names, &c., of the parties are given, so that there can be no mistake about the entire affair. In one instance only is the name omitted, and that for obvious reasons, lest it should operate to the prejudice of the position which the person occupies; but any one who may be doubtful on the point, if worth while, can be made aware of his position at a standing. On Monday evening, the 13th inst., Mr. John G., a person engaged in mercantile life in this town, and who resides in K— street, Edge-hill, on his way home entered the general room of a well-known house of public entertainment in Dale-street, where several gentlemen were enjoying themselves after the day's toil—its profits and losses on 'Change. Mr. G. had in his hands a double-barrelled fowling-piece, which he was carrying home after having some repairs done to the stock. Just at the same moment there entered the room a gentlemanly-looking person, apparently about thirty-four years of age, evidently a Yankee, and observing the gun with Mr. G., he said, "I suppose you are a Fenian?" "I am not," replied Mr. G. "I am a loyal Irish subject of our gracious Queen, and I despise Fenianism and Fenians." "Then you despise me," rejoined the stranger. "I don't know you, sir; but if you are a Fenian or a Fenian leader, I have no respect for you." The stranger, who spoke with an unmistakable American accent, took a handkerchief from his pocket, applied it to his nose, and then threw it full in Mr. G.'s face, exclaiming, "I am a Fenian general; my name is William Brown, my father was one of the Browns of Mayo, in Ireland; I was born in New York, and thus I treat any one who dares to disrespect Fenianism!" "And my name," said Mr. G., "is John G.—I am an Irishman, and a native of Mayo also, and thus I treat any one who declares himself and acts as you do!" and with a blow he laid the general flat on the floor, amid shouts of applause from the company. The Yankee's heat seemed to have cooled by the knock-down argument of Mr. G., and cards were exchanged, and from this time up to Thursday, at half-past twelve, had been spent in negotiating a meeting with pistols. A difficulty, however, arose in reference to Mr. William Brown being able to procure a "friend," and at last, on Wednesday, at an hotel in Liverpool-street, both "principals" in this "affair of honour" agreed to put themselves in the hands of a London commercial gentleman, who had undertaken to see a "fair play" between the belligerents. Accordingly, at twelve o'clock on Thursday, three gentlemen were observed in a field a little south of Bidston-hill—who they were may be easily guessed. The Fenian general carried a case, and did the London gentleman. The former case contained two well-appointed pistols, and Mr. Brown, in order to show his spirit of fair play, offered one to Mr. G., which the latter accepted, in order not to be outdone in politeness even by a Fenian general. The "barking iron" being properly loaded, Mr. Brown said they would kill at fifty yards distance, but Mr. G. objected to be beyond twenty-five paces from his opponent, and after some discussion on this he gained his point. The Londoner having placed his men in position, opened his own case, and, taking out a pistol, he addressed them as follows:—"Gentlemen, this is a strange and romantic proceeding; you are both in my hands, and I believe you are both honourable men. I am sure you are brave men, and therefore do not take any advantage of each other. I shall wait on your movements narrowly, and if one of you fall by the least foul play, I will shoot the other with this (raising his own pistol)." He then gave them a signal, and at the appointed time the proper word was given, and the report of one pistol only was heard, but both gentlemen stood upright on the ground still. The Londoner having examined both pistols, found they had been discharged, although he declared he had only heard one report. He declared that they should now be satisfied and shake hands, and, producing a flask of brandy, all three took "pips" and proceeded towards Bidston-hill, but before reaching the ferry the general turned very pale and nearly fainted. The fact was Mr. G.'s ball had struck him over the hip, causing a slight wound that bled profusely, and his clothes by this time were quite as wet. However, the hemorrhage was soon stopped, and soon afterwards the Yankee took leave of his friend with the following request:—"nothing should appear in the newspapers of the transaction until after Saturday, on which day he sailed by mail steamer for New York, and his request has been complied with. When placed on the ground he took a letter from his pocket, and requested the second, if he fell, to forward it, as addressed, to New York, and at the same time he said the only thing he had to regret was that, along with his brother in New York, he had entrapped hundreds of poor Irishmen into the Northern army.—*Liverpool Daily Post.*"

INHUMAN TREATMENT OF A LUNATIC IN OXFORDSHIRE.—On Saturday two persons, named Ayris, of Marston, and Harris, of Oxley in Oxfordshire, were respectively charged before the county magistrates at Oxford, with having unlawfully received and taken charge of one Elizabeth Byne, a lunatic. The unfortunate creature, it appears, has since the year 1852 been of unsound mind, on more than two occasions been an inmate of a lunatic asylum, and was removed to the house of Ayris, a tenant of her mother's, in July, 1864. In August last she was looking out of the window of her room, and recognised an old schoolfellow, to whom she spoke of her enforced incarceration in a rational way, and appealed for help to be released. This led to the circumstances being reported to the guardians of the parish and Mr. Hittobings, surgeon, of Oxford, who on the following day visited her. He found her room without any furniture, her person being covered with a shift and a shawl, which had evidently been just given to her to help to cover her nakedness. No glass was in the window which looked north. The door was fastened from without by a chain. In this wretched plight, it is supposed, she had been confined for fourteen months. She was subsequently visited by the Right Hon. J. W. Denby and Sir Weyland, magistrates, accompanied by Mr. Hittobings, and removed by their order to the County Lunatic Asylum. The unfortunate lunatic is well connected, her mother and sister residing in the same village as Ayris, and being independent, so that lack of means could not be alleged as an excuse for conduct so inhuman. The mother informed the magistrates that she had not visited her daughter to see that she was cared for; "that she had no wish to see her again," and the sister stated that Elizabeth had been the base of her life for eighteen years, and would so to do as she lived. Apart from the imprisonment she has, we learn, been subjected to gross ill-treatment—a cat's whip having, on a very recent occasion when she escaped from the house, been used on her naked body. Ayris and Harris have been committed for trial at the assizes, when all the circumstances of this revolting case will be brought to light.

PAPER COLLARS.—These superior and economical articles, introduced and patented by ARTHUR GRAYSON, 303, High Holborn, and 95 and 96, Borough, London, can only be obtained at his establishments, or of his Agents in town and country, at the following prices, viz.—1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. per gross; samples, three stamps.—[Advertisement.]

General News.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has presented £100 to the funds of the Norfolk Cattle Plague Assurance Association. Sir H. Stacey has subscribed a similar sum. The association has now received subscriptions to the amount of about £6,000.

Mr. (Chelmsford Chronicle) understands that his royal highness the Prince of Wales has been graciously pleased to request that his yacht the *Dagmar* (built by Messrs. Harvey, of Wivenhoe) should belong to the port of Colchester. The *Dagmar* has accordingly been legally registered by the registrar for shipping for that port.

An epidemic raging amongst cats in Sweden has latterly been engaging the attention of veterinary surgeons in that country. It has been found to proceed from trichina worms, microscopic beings which are often found in raw flesh.

The death is announced of Charles Henry Dillon Esq., fourteenth Viscount Dillon in the peerage of Ireland, who died at his seat, Ditchley, Oxfordshire, last Saturday afternoon. The deceased was born in Dublin, on the 20th of April, 1810, and was married in 1833 to Lydia Sophia, daughter of Mr. Philip Laycock Esq. He is succeeded by his brother, the Hon. Theobald Dominick Geoffrey, who was formerly a lieutenant in the 60th Foot. The late peer's father assumed the name of Lee in consequence of his grandfather having married the eldest daughter of the second Earl of Lichfield, of the Lees family, now extinct. The family is descended from a common ancestor with the Earls of Beauchamp.

The Earl of Yarborough has become a member of a total abstinence society formed in consequence of a sermon preached by the Rev. Robert Kerr, congregational minister of Oatford, Lincolnshire. The rev. gentleman in sending the information to one of the religious journals states that his lordship wishes his conversion to total abstinence to be known as widely as possible.

Every yachtsman (says the *Dublin Express*) will share in the pride with which a correspondent relates a brilliant, and, we believe, unexampled exploit which has just been performed by a small yacht of only twenty-five tons, which is not a stranger to the waters of Dublin Bay. The gallant little craft set out from Liverpool for the antipodes, and arrived safely in Sydney after a splendid run, performing the entire distance, 16,000 miles, in 130 days. Such an achievement affords grounds for reasonable exultation, not more as a proof of the nautical skill of our armateurs than of their adventurous spirit, which quite casts in the shade the most daring feats of Alpine climbers.

A YANKEE at Nassau, who had on hand a lot of revolvers, no sooner heard of the revolt in Jamaica, than he sailed with his entire stock for Kingston, where, owing to the panic, he sold them at once at fabulous prices. He immediately left the island, remarking to a friend as he re-embarked for Nassau, that the only persons who would be in danger from his revolvers would be those who used them.

Mr. GOSCHEN has accepted the post of Vice-President of the Board of Trade, vacated by the Right Hon. W. Hunt, whose retirement is supposed to be influenced by the miscarriage of the negotiations in which he took part respecting the treaty of commerce between this country and Austria. Sir Robert Peel has now resigned the Irish Chief Secretaryship, and will be succeeded by the Right Hon. O'Connell-Fortescue.

It is announced that Joe Gos, who has had some experience in the prize ring, intends within the next few days to send a challenge to Jim Maco for the champion's belt and £200 a-side; the championship having been for some practically in abeyance. On the 23rd inst. there is to be a fight in the London district between M. Elvey and Baldoock; and on the 27th of April there is to be a fight on a great scale, to which the patrons of the ring are looking forward with anxious attention, between Jim Dillon and Bob Travers. This is also to take place in the London district.

The Admiralty are, we (*Army and Navy Gazette*) are happy to say, showing an earnest intention to inquire into the causes which have of late so seriously operated against the entry of highly qualified medical gentlemen into the naval service, as we learn that a committee is about to assemble with the view of collecting evidence on the point. It is stated that Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Milne, K.C.B., will take a leading part in the forthcoming inquiry.

On Tuesday the marriage of the Earl of Dudley with Georgina Elizabeth, third daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Louisa Moncreiff, was celebrated with full church services in St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. Some 2,000 persons had assembled at the church as spectators of the proceedings. The Earl of Dudley was accompanied to the church by the Hon. Charles Lytton as "best man;" and shortly before twelve o'clock the bride, accompanied by her father and mother, was received at the church doors by a bevy of young ladies. The Rev. T. L. Claughton, brother-in-law to the bridegroom, performed the ceremony, assisted by the Hon. and Rev. B. Liddell, incumbent of St. Paul's. In addition to the general body of spectators, a distinguished party of ladies and gentlemen were present in the church to witness the marriage. On the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal party adjourned to the residence of the Countess of Kinnoul, Belgrave-square, where a superb *dejeuner* was served to about 100 guests. Subsequently the happy couple left town for Albany Park, near Guildford, the seat of Lord and Lady Percy.

THE TRUE REMEDY.—A prebendary and rural dean closes a letter on his *Spectator* with the following recommendation:—"It is unreasonable to expect ordinary men to do what the great ones can hardly accomplish; and if sermons are too many now and too bad, in what direction shall we look for a remedy? In the establishment of an order of preachers—men especially selected and trained for this work, and employed in it alone. Such men, if wisely chosen and carefully instructed, would do more to raise the tone of sermons and to discredit the trash of hasty compilations than all the anathemas of critics, however richly deserved. And it would follow from their success that the sermon would assume its true position, and become again a service of itself, instead of being a necessary adjunct of all our devotional services."

AN UNPROFITABLE VOYAGE.—A schooner has put into Plymouth Sound, after a voyage to Spain and back with the same cargo. She left Swansea with a cargo of coals for Seville. On her arrival off St. Lucia, on the Spanish coast, the captain learnt that the Spanish authorities had ordered all vessels coming from Swansea to undergo quarantine, on account of the yellow fever cases that occurred at that port. The schooner was first ordered to Cadiz. On her arrival there she was ordered to Vigo; and on her arrival at that port the captain could not ascertain what was the length of the quarantine it was proposed that he should undergo, and returned to England.

ALARMING EXPLOSION OF GAS.—On Saturday night a gentleman named Hutchings, residing in the Telford-road, Peckham, whilst sitting with his wife in the dining-room, noticed a very strong smell of gas. Upon examining the centre chandelier he found that the water in the cup had dried up, and the gas was escaping in large quantities. He procured a pair of steps, and was in the act of filling the pipe with water when the gas that had escaped ignited, and the whole of the plate-glass windows were blown into the street, and Mr. Hutchings was seriously hurt by fire. Mrs. Hutchings received no injury, although sitting under the chandelier.

A FIRST-RATE WRITING CASE for 2s. (or free by post for 2s. stamps), fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pencilcase and Pens, &c. &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 800,000 have already been sold. To be had of FARRIS and GORTON, 26, Oxford-street, London. [Advertisement.]

Notes of the Week.

On Sunday morning a woman named Collins, an in-patient of Guy's Hospital, threw herself out of a window in one of the wards, and fell a distance of 30 ft. Death was immediate, she having fallen on her head.

A FEARFUL collision took place on the River Tay on Saturday evening, resulting in the destruction of two large iron screw steamers, valued at upwards of £50,000. The steamers were the London, 600 tons register, belonging to the London and Dundee Steam Shipping Company, and the Harvest Queen, steamer, 560 tons, belonging to Messrs. Spence, Pail, and Co., of Hartlepool. The London is reported to have been on her way down the Tay, for London, with a full cargo and a number of passengers, and the Harvest Queen was coming up the river in charge of a pilot. Both steamers appear to have come into collision with great violence. The London stove in her bows, and immediately filled, the crew and passengers scrambling on board the Harvest Queen, which was also severely damaged, her fore compartment filling with water. The London in a few minutes went down in three fathoms of water. The Harvest Queen was prevented from sinking by being run ashore, where the crew and passengers all landed in safety. The steamer, however, in the next tide, broke in two, her after compartment disappearing in deep water. Had the disaster occurred at sea it is doubted if any of the lives would have been saved. Both steamers are fully insured.

A YOUNG man named Baker, waiter at the White Hart Inn, Sherridge, died under singular circumstances. Whilst eating his dinner a few days before he accidentally swallowed a bone. Two doctors were sent for, but were unable to allay the terrible suffering of the young man, and he died. After death the throat was cut open, and a bone of a triangular shape, about two inches long, was found in it.

On Sunday night a man named William M'Manus was murdered in Boundary-street, under the following circumstances:—It appears that M'Manus, who was a fireman belonging to the steam ship *Helvetia*, which arrived in Liverpool on Sunday, was in Bell's public-house, Boundary-street, between nine and ten o'clock, when a dispute took place between him and a man named Daniel McKenna, a laborer at Mr. Jack's foundry, about the Fenians. The quarrel continued some time, but before the men left the house all ill-feeling had apparently disappeared. The man went into the street together, and then McKenna deliberately stabbed M'Manus in the abdomen, inflicting a dreadful wound. M'Manus expired almost immediately. McKenna made his escape, but was arrested about six o'clock on Monday morning by Detectives Fitzmaurice and Marsden, in a cellar in Barmouth-street.

On Monday, an inquiry was held by Mr. Payne at Guy's Hospital as to the circumstances connected with the death of James Murray, a lad aged fourteen, lately employed in the Armstrong gun factory in Woolwich Arsenal. The evidence showed that the lad, on coming in one morning rather later than the usual time, was hurriedly pulling off his jacket close to a steam lathe, when somehow his hand was drawn into the machinery, and he sustained such injuries as led to his death. In answer to questions put by the jury, the witnesses stated that there was no guard to the lathe at which the accident happened. The father of the boy said he himself at one time worked at the Arsenal, and he knew the lathe where the accident happened, and he considered there had been neglect in not having a guard placed around it. An accident, he stated, took place there some time since, and a guard had been made, but had never been fitted. Other witnesses said the lathe could not be guarded, and, after a patient inquiry, the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

A SERIOUS fire occurred at 16, Moreton-place, Piccadilly, on Saturday evening. The house, independent of the basement, consisted of three floors, which were let out to six or eight families. The first alarm was given by the father of the family who suffered most. He had been out marketing, and on going up-stairs when he returned, heard the fire burning. He rushed into the room, and succeeded in getting out the youngest child, which, although not in the least burnt, proved to have been suffocated. The conductor of the escape, on his arrival at the scene, found the flames coming out of the second-floor front window. He tried to enter the room under the fire, but was driven back. He then descended, went up by the stairs, and endeavored to enter the room from that direction, but this was impossible, owing to the fierceness of the flames. He then knocked the room door in to find only heated smoke and demolished furniture. After the fire was out, Ottrell, the conductor alluded to, assisted in recovering the bodies of two children who were burnt to death. These named respectively John and Albert Wood, seven and five years of age, were found on the floor burnt almost to cinders. The children had been put to bed before their parents had gone out marketing.

THEFT OF £900 IN EDINBURGH.—A farmer who had come into town on Friday to draw money from the bank, was robbed in St. Andrew-square of about £900, by apparently an organized gang of thieves. It appears that the farmer had called at the National Bank during the day, drawn £197 in cash, and procured a cheque for £400. His intention was to leave for home by a train leaving Waverley-bridge Station at six o'clock, but he was too late to catch it. On leaving the station he was accosted by a woman who enticed him into an entry in St. Andrew-square. Shortly afterwards a man came down a stair in the entry, who ordered the woman away, and then entered into conversation with the farmer. In a few minutes he also left the entry, when the farmer discovered that the money and cheque had been stolen. He immediately lodged information of his loss at the Central police-office. From a description of the woman and a report of the conversation that passed, Detectives Golan and Stewart, who were on duty at the time, suspected two parties already well known to the police. They were accordingly apprehended and brought to the police-office. Their names are Mary Hepburn and Wm. Scott, a habit and reputed thief. Hepburn was identified as the woman who enticed the farmer into the close, but owing to the darkness when the man appeared at the entry, Scott could not be sworn to as the same party. The money was not recovered, but payment of the cheque has been stopped. It is believed that Scott kept the unwary farmer occupied until the woman had got time to hand over the money to a third accomplice. Hepburn and Scott were charged with the theft at the police-court on Saturday, and remitted to the Fiscal for further examination.—*Scotsman*.

THE LATE CASE OF ALLEGED POISONING BY A SWEETHEART at Salisbury.—William John Storey, the surgeon's assistant lately charged with administering strychnine to Miss Emily Sophia Blake, the daughter of Mr. Blake, surgeon, of Salisbury, has, since his committal, endeavored to obtain poisonous drugs, with the view, it is supposed, of committing suicide. He wrote out a prescription under an assumed name, and addressing a letter to Messrs. Savory and Moore, of London, succeeded in inducing a newly-engaged turkey to post it for him, a further arrangement being also made for the "medicine," on its arrival, to be left at the turkey's house. Messrs. Savory and Moore, finding that the prescription included a dose of morphia more than sufficient to destroy life, immediately put themselves in communication with the police at Salisbury. The result of their investigation went to prove collusion between the turkey and the prisoner. The turkey was at once suspended, and a further inquiry into the matter has been entered upon by the visiting justices.

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Hornblower's Tons are now supplied by the Agents Elphinstone per lb. Cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Hornblower and Co." [Advertisement.]

NARRATIVE OF THE INSURRECTION IN JAMAICA.

The following private letter, from the major of the 1st West India Regiment, has been received:—

"Up Park Camp, Jamaica, Oct. 24, 1865.

"My dear parents,—An awful rebellion has broken out here. On the 11th inst. the blacks in St. Thomas-in-the-East, at a place called Morant Bay, rose in revolt and murdered all the gentlemen assembled at the Court-house in vestry meeting.—Baron von Kettleholdt, the custos, all the magistrates and clergymen they overpowered, and killed the volunteers, only eighteen in number. They burnt the Court-house, took possession of the volunteers' arms and ammunition, let the prisoners in gaol loose, and barbarously mutilated and killed several gentlemen without mercy. I send you a newspaper with the whole account. Colonel Wilson, our deputy-adjutant, has been made brigadier-general, and to him, under General O'Connor's orders, is due the quick suppression of the rebellion. On Wednesday, the 11th inst., we (the 1st West) were being inspected by Major-General O'Connor at six o'clock a.m. Baron von Kettleholdt was passing through camp at the time; he stopped near my house to look at the review, and was much pleased with the appearance of the men and their manoeuvres, and was heard to say if this show was all in earnest how grand it would be. He went on to Morant Bay after the review at four o'clock p.m. That same day he was ignominiously butchered.

"The general, with Colonel Nelson and staff, left us at eight o'clock a.m., and came back at twelve o'clock at noon to see our books, orderly-room, hospital, mess-dinners, barracks, &c.; but in the meantime they had been apprised of an attempted riot at Morant Bay, and the first thing they ordered me to do was to warn one captain, one subaltern, and 100 men to get ready to start at a moment's notice. The men were ready in ten minutes. The inspection went on and concluded. The general saw the party under arms, and at four o'clock the Volunteers, the only man-of-war here, steamed up to Kingston. The men were marched down and embarked, but did not leave Port Royal till next morning. Captain Shaw, the captain who went, only arrived to see the carnage and carry the slaughtered and mutilated bodies. Marines and sailors were immediately landed.

"Next day the inspection of the artillery at Port Royal went on (of course we did not know of the riot). The general had a gunboat to take him down and back to Kingston. I had a boat to myself, and being anxious to get back to camp in case any more men might be wanted in a hurry, I left it on at Port Royal, and on my way saw the gunboat, which had reached near to Port Augusta as I was getting into Kingston, suddenly turn back and go into Port Royal again. It seems a messenger was despatched to inform the general of the riot. He went to the Aboukir guardship, got the Ouz, his gunboat, to go on at once with Captain Luke and 100 men of my men stationed at Port Royal; the general then came back to Kingston in a man-of-war boat. Next day martial law was proclaimed in St. Thomas-in-the-East, county of Surrey.—Kingston escaped. Colonel Nelson was appointed brigadier-general, and sent on to the scene of the rebellion. A company of the 76th came to camp at 3 o'clock on Port Morant; another fifty of my men, with Mr. Kelly, my adjutant; fifty more of the first West to look after the Captain's baggage, then to St. Andrew Town; fifty of the 1st West to Old Harbour, with Mr. Hopkins; forty to Linstead, with Mr. Allison. I left here with 100 of the 76th (royal) Regiment, and 150 of my own. The Urquhart transport came in, and was immediately despatched, after calling to Barbadoes, for the 3rd Buffs and the 2nd West. The Plantage steamship was despatched to Nassau for 200 more of the 1st West Regiment, and both are hourly expected. Two Spanish men-of-war came in to give assistance, and some more English ones. The admiral is sent for. Brigadier-General Nelson yesterday hanged G. W. Gordon, the chief conspirator, a coloured man, sentenced to death by a drum-head court-martial. He has been planning the rebellion for the last three years. The mob rose before the appointed time—everything was not quite ready. They were to have risen at the race time or at Christmas—murdered all the white men, and some of the browns, friends of the whites. The browns were to be under the blacks—the white ladies and women spared for the blacks, and to be slaves. Many corps and companies had been formed in Kingston for its protection. Every one is armed, &c. I have been upwards of twenty insurgents, prisoners, from all quarters—gentlemen, black Baptist preachers, Methodist preachers, Italian, an Englishman, a dentist, several Haytians, two generals, and a host of other out-throat-looking fellows. The old prisoners are formed into corps, under Mr. Vallantius. The neck of the rebellion is broken, but the country is by no means settled, and will require a strong military force to keep it in order now and in future. The Maroons have behaved most loyally, and been of good assistance in hunting and taking prisoners. Hundreds of the latter have been hanged and flogged. The 1st West were the first in the field, and have done good service. Colonel Nelson says they are the best Bushi-Bazouks he has seen. They are nearly all mounted now and ride like devils. The sailors, as usual, are most active and efficient, and a terror to the rebels, who meet from them speedy justice and retribution. Some of the atrocities committed by the insurgents, and mostly women, equal those of the Indian mutiny—such as tearing out the Rev. Mr. Herchell's tongue by the root before dead—ripping and cutting up Mr. Price when alive; and, to his ories to leave a little life in him, replying, 'No, you are a friend of the white men, not a bit of life will we leave you'—digging out the eyes of others—cutting off the baron's head and hand, and saying, holding up his fingers (held together by threads like sausages) 'There, these fingers will write no more lies to the Queen about us.' Dr. Gerard they were going to kill, but spared him when he said 'I am a doctor, and may be of use to you.' Captain Hitchens died like a hero; he commanded the eighteen volunteers; he was hewed and cut to pieces; he crawled to Dr. Gerard, clung round his neck, pleading to his savage assailants for mercy; they gave him none, but redoubled their cutless blows, which, as he clung on Dr. Gerard's breast, he (Dr. G.) could feel on his chest through Captain Hitchens's body; and so they butchered him as long as he showed any symptoms of life, and he was literally chopped to pieces. Many other atrocities they committed—drank the blood of their victims mixed with their brains, when taking the oath, to rid Jamaica of all white men, divide the lands, keep the white ladies and women for themselves to be their slaves. The mob set fire to the Court-house, where the gentlemen were defending themselves as best they could; and, on the roof falling in, they butchered them as they came out. Torrents of rain have been falling; but thank God the worst is over. "H. A."

SIR HUGH MYDDLETON LIFEBOT FUND.—Two more concerts, in aid of this fund, will take place at Deacon's Music Hall, opposite Sadler's Wells Theatre, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings next. As usual, Mr. Deacon has gratuitously given the use of his hall and the assistance of his company on the occasion, while all the available music-hall talent of London have also given their services. Two additional bands will be in attendance, and an address, written by G. Lippens Banks Esq., will be delivered. We may add that about £150, by means of former concerts, has already been handed over to the Royal Humane Society; and it is hoped that the next two concerts will realize sufficient funds to induce the committee to at once give the order for the construction of the Sir Hugh Myddleton Lifebot.

GENTLEMEN ONLY.—Avoid the unpleasantness caused by the loss of a brace button, by insisting upon having your trousers fitted with BUSSEY'S PATENT BUTTONS, which never come off, and are fixed at the rate of five per minute. Patentees' Depot, 487, New Oxford-street, W.C. [Advertisement.]

ADMIRAL LORD NELSON.

Few are ignorant of the fact that the great Nelson, who was called by the English the "God of the Sea," and whose statue rises so proudly in Trafalgar-square, was one-eyed; but there is hardly any one who knows to what accident was due the loss of his eye, and many who fancy they know it are far from being accurately informed. If, at least, we may depend upon the following account, which comes to us from trustworthy sources. To begin with, the "American Cyclopaedia," vol. xii. p. 175, relates that Nelson was in command of the Agamemnon off Calvi, under the orders of Sir Charles Stuart, and that he there lost an eye, being struck by the sand and gravel thrown up by a projectile. The "Biographie Universelle des Contemporains," iii. 775, states that the loss of Nelson's eye occurred at Bastia. The same assertion is made in the "Conversations-Lexicon," xiii. 521. "Appleton's Cyclopaedia," p. 624, is for Calvi. So that of the authors above quoted, the Americans refer the occurrence to Calvi, the Europeans to Bastia. Both are, however, misinformed, according to the most excellent Senor D. Liberato Abaroa, General of the Republic of Nicaragua, to whom we are indebted for the following communication:—"About the year 1780 there cruised along the coast of Spanish America (Central America) a celebrated English seaman, who afterwards was to bear the appellation of 'God of the Sea.' This man, who was destined to so glorious a future, followed then the instructions of his Government minutely, reconnoitering those coasts, suing for sympathizers with the British trade, which was then forbidden, and inflicting all possible mischief on the Spanish colonies and on their material interests. In the discharge of such duties he entered the mouth of Juan de Nicaragua, on the Atlantic, and rowing up the river with an armed force, consisting of various launches and other flat-bottomed boats, came up within reach of the old castle. There he made his arrangements with the energy and activity characteristic of English sailors, and determined to take the castle by storm. The people who composed the garrison of the said castle, awed by so bold a resolution, made up their mind to abandon the place. It is not well known why they came to such a decision; but I may assert as a faithful narrator of this event, who have had access to the official archives of the city of Granada, that the commander of the fort was seriously ill, and that his daughter or wife, Dona Batsela Mora, being aware of the intention of the garrison, and of their actual dereliction of their duty, came also to her own resolution, which was worthy of an ancient heroine of Saguntum or Numancia. Leaving the commander in his helpless state, and hastening to the batteries, she soon perceived that the loss of the fortress was inevitable, and that her father would have to endure the charge, and would besides be exposed to the sorrow and shame of having his name associated with that national disaster. She looked about the spot, and without hesitation she took up the still burning match which the soldiers, on deserting the place, had thrown on the ground, and, with manly courage, she fired all the cannons which she found loaded and pointed at the invading flotilla. This noble deed was rewarded by the happiest results that the Senora could possibly have looked forward to. One of the many projectiles fell on board the boat in which was the commander of the flotilla, and a splinter of the bulwark struck the bone below his left eye, knocking him down as if dead, whereupon the flotilla of boats rowed back down the stream in the greatest haste. They reached their ship without any further accident and left those waters, freeing thus from danger the castle of San Carlos de Nicaragua, and covering with glory the heroine who had alone been able to save the honour of her father and illustrate the glory of Spanish arms, by repulsing the great Nelson, the 'God of the Sea,' the hero of Trafalgar. This is an authentic fact and rests on documents in the archives of the city of Granada, of Nicaragua, republic of Central America, of which now General Don Tomas Martinez, descendant of the illustrious heroine, is president. This lady received by a royal decree the brevet of a captain in active service, and the permission to wear the uniform which was sent to her as a present together with the decrees. She also enjoyed an annuity from the Government." We give thanks to General Abaroa for his communication, which we think must interest the reader, as revealing an incident which is but little known, but which reflects so much glory on the memory of one of the daughters of Spain.—*Las Novedades*.

Mrs. Hale, the wife of the late Lord Mayor (Alderman Hale), died at their residence near Hampstead, to which she had only removed a few days before from the Mansion House. She was of advanced age, and had been ill for the greater part of her husband's mayoralty. Soon after taking up her residence at the Mansion House she fell accidentally, and sustained injuries from which she never wholly recovered.



SWEARING THE FENIAN INFORMER.

THE FENIAN CONSPIRACY.

THE illustrations in this page represent incidents connected with the Fenian conspiracy. In the last number of the *Penny Illustrated Weekly News* there appeared an account of the capture of Stephens, the leader of the Fenians, and three of his companions. They were all examined before Mr. Stronge, the Dublin police magistrate.

On being asked their names they gave them as follow:—James Power, alias Stephens, Fairfield, Sandymount, gentleman; Hugh Francis Brophy, 22, Frankfort-avenue, Rathgar, builder; Charles J. Kiekham, Mullinabone, county of Tipperary, gentleman; and Edward Duffy, Bal-laghaderreen, county of Mayo, draper. The prisoners were all respectably attired—Stephens particularly so, the neatness of his dress being very marked. While awaiting the magisterial investigation they were permitted to supply themselves with whatever refreshment they desired, malt and spirituous liquors being, of course, prohibited.

Herrman Schofield, an informer, was examined, and said he knew a man named John O'Mahony; he was a centre of the Fenian Brotherhood. Letters produced were in his handwriting. The witness also identified several other documents connected with the Fenian conspiracy, all of which he swore were in the handwriting of O'Mahony. The letters, which were not read, were marked and handed in in the usual form.

Mr. M. O'Loughlin, barrister, was then allowed to cross-examine the witness, though he stated he did not appear for any person except Luby, who was not now under examination. In reply to questions, witness first said he was a citizen of the United States, and then made statements showing rather a German origin and nationality. He went to New York in 1863, and came back to this country on the 9th or 16th of this month. No one accompanied him. Was first in London in 1853, and lived in Maunsell-street, subse-

quently at 2, Duke-street, Bloomsbury, and worked as a compositor at Messrs. Cox and Wyman's, Great Queen-street, and Watts's. He had no relatives in Ireland, and was living at a hotel in Queens-town. He had not come to reside permanently here. Finally, on the question of American citizenship being again pressed, he said: "What I meant by the word citizen is being settled permanently down in New York; I have not taken out my papers of citizenship."

Detective-officer Dawson deposed to finding thirty-four bullets in the lower portion of a bookcase in Stephens's house.

The prisoners Stephens, Kiekham, Duffy, and Brophy were committed for trial by Mr. Stronge. Stephens made and signed the following statement:—"I deliberately and conscientiously repudiate the existence of British law in Ireland, its right, or even its existence, in Ireland. I defy and despise any punishment it may inflict on me."

"MISFORTUNES NEVER COME SINGLY."—Some few days since, in the neighbourhood of Bridgend, a son in a family was taken and still lies dangerously ill. Next day the mother committed suicide; the following night the poultry was stolen; the succeeding day the house and hay rick was discovered on fire. Again, another son had two fingers cut with a machine, the same day a valuable pig died, and to crown the whole, the following evening two of the farmer's cows strayed on the railway and were cut to atoms, nearly causing the upsetting of the train.—*Bristol Mercury*.



SCENE IN THE OLD CASTLE YARD DURING THE EXAMINATION OF STEPHENS.

A SLIPPERY DAY AT LONDON-BRIDGE.

Those of our readers who have descended the stone steps of London-bridge, in order to reach the Upper or Lower Thames-street, will readily recognise the scene forming the subject of an engraving on the present page. At this season of the year especially, when ordinary London pavements are extremely slippery, the steps going down towards Billingsgate are more than usually dangerous, for the traffic in and out of the market, and the betwixt refuse continually found in the locality, particularly in the morning, necessitate not only careful walking, but the keeping of the eyes open as well. Suddenly stepping aside, to avoid women and porters with huge baskets of fish upon their heads, in a moment you slip and are upon your back. Hence it is that comic, but not at all pleasant scenes, such as the one before us, are of frequent occurrence in this locality.

THE SENSATION OF BEING MURDERED.

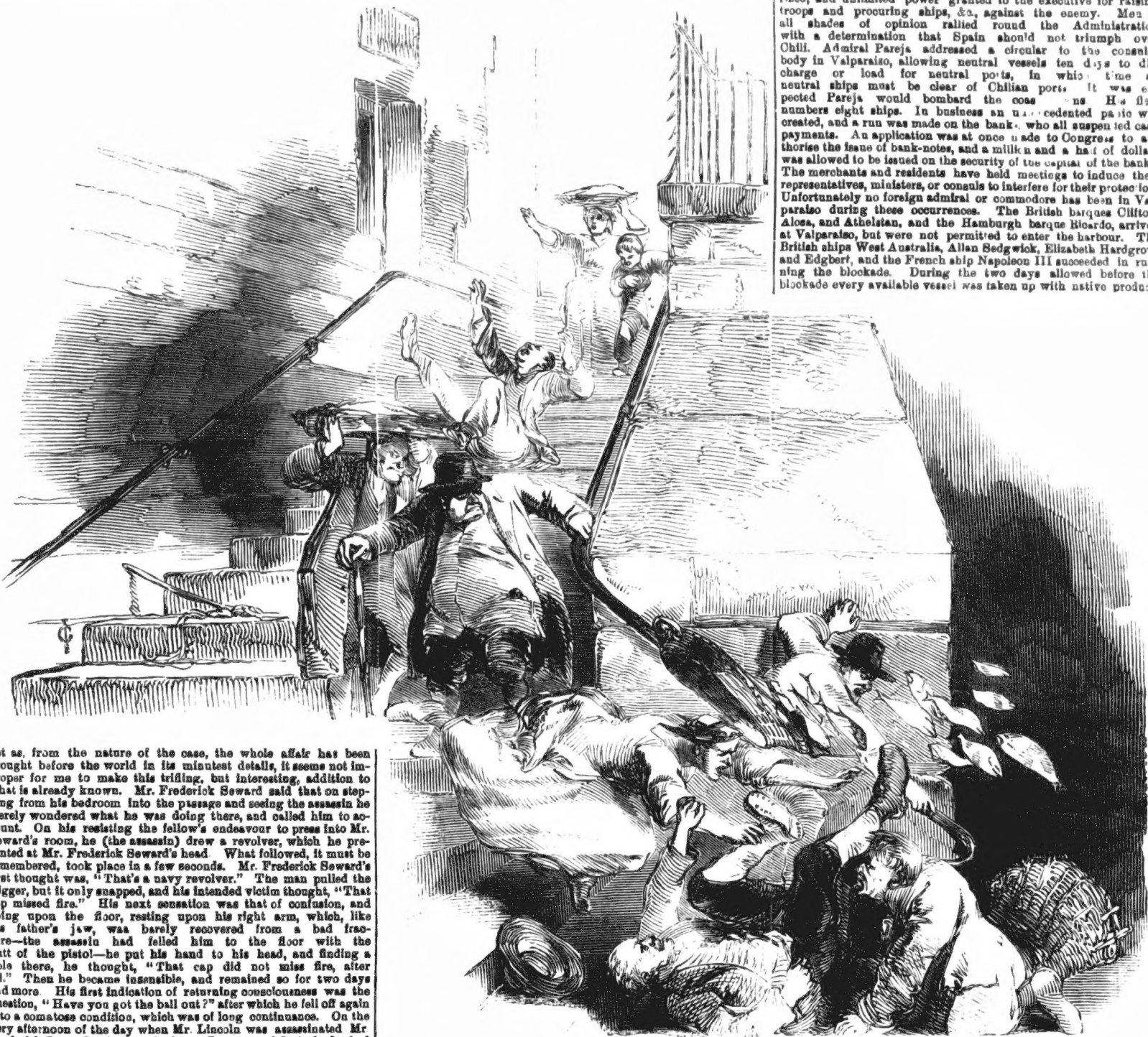
Mr. SEWARD and his son, says the *Spectator*, have each told, at the request of friends, the story of their own sensations at the time of the attempted assassination; and although, under ordinary circumstances, such relations should certainly be regarded as within that pale of privacy which no public position gives us warrant to invade,

will kill my father!" But he saw nothing of his assailant until a hand appeared above his face, and then his thought was, "What handsome cloth that overcoat is made of!" The assassin's face then appeared, and the helpless statesman only thought "What a handsome man!" (Payne was a fine-looking fellow.) Then came a sensation as of rain striking him smartly upon one side of his face and neck, then quickly the same upon the other side, but he felt no severe pain. This was the assassin's knife. The blood spouted, he thought, "My time has come," and falling from the bed to the floor, fainted. His first sensation of returning consciousness was that he was drinking tea, and that "it tasted good." Mrs. Seward was giving him tea with a spoon. He heard low voices around him, asking and replying as to whether it would be possible for him to recover. He could not speak, but his eyes showed his consciousness, and that he desired to speak. They brought him a porcelain tablet, on which he managed to write, "Give me some more tea; I shall get well." And from that moment he has slowly but steadily recovered health and strength.

HORRIBLE MUTILATION.—A most horrible accident occurred on the Lynn and Wiesbeach branch of the Great Eastern Railway, at a place called Wiggshall St. Mary Magdalen, about eight miles

WAR BETWEEN SPAIN AND CHILI—INSULT TO THE BRITISH FLAG.

The advices received, per the *Tasmanian*, confirm the declaration of war between Spain and Chili. On Admiral Pareja's arrival at Valparaiso, on the anniversary day, he sent to the Government of Chili, demanding immediate satisfaction for the insults offered to Spain, and if in four days the reparation he demanded was not given, he would proceed to extreme measures. The manner of Admiral Pareja's procedure was said to be most offensive to Chili, his despatch being in the form of an arbitrary and insulting ultimatum, demanding that Chili should humble herself and salute the Spanish flag with twenty-one guns, after which he would state what satisfaction he would accept. The entire country of Chili rose in resentment, and the Government replied that Chili could not accede to Admiral Pareja's demand. He immediately forwarded an ultimatum that hostile measures would be adopted on the following day. The diplomatic corps met, and afterwards sent an unanimous protest to Pareja against such high-handed dealing with Chili. This proceeding obtained a few hours' delay, but on the 24th Admiral Pareja declared the blockade of all the Chilean ports. The Congress in both houses unanimously refused Pareja's ultimatum, and at once passed a declaration of war with Spain. A loan of twenty million dollars was at the same time authorized, and unlimited power granted to the executive for raising troops and procuring ships, &c., against the enemy. Men of all shades of opinion rallied round the Administration with a determination that Spain should not triumph over Chili. Admiral Pareja addressed a circular to the consular body in Valparaiso, allowing neutral vessels ten days to discharge or load for neutral ports, in which time all neutral ships must be clear of Chilean ports. It was expected Pareja would bombard the coast. His fleet numbers eight ships. In business an uncedented panic was created, and a run was made on the bank, who all suspended cash payments. An application was at once made to Congress to authorize the issue of bank-notes, and a million and a half of dollars was allowed to be issued on the security of the capital of the banks. The merchants and residents have held meetings to induce their representatives, ministers, or consuls to interfere for their protection. Unfortunately no foreign admiral or commodore has been in Valparaiso during these occurrences. The British barques *Clifton*, *Aloca*, and *Athelstan*, and the Hamburg barque *Ricardo*, arrived at Valparaiso, but were not permitted to enter the harbour. The British ships *West Australia*, *Allan Sedgwick*, *Elizabeth Hardgrove* and *Edgbert*, and the French ship *Napoleon III* succeeded in running the blockade. During the two days allowed before the blockade every available vessel was taken up with native produce,



SLIPPERY DAY IN LONDON.—DESCENDING THE STEPS AT LONDON-BRIDGE.

yet as, from the nature of the case, the whole affair has been brought before the world in its minutest details, it seems not improper for me to make this trifling, but interesting, addition to what is already known. Mr. Frederick Seward said that on stepping from his bedroom into the passage and seeing the assassin he merely wondered what he was doing there, and called him to account. On his resisting the fellow's endeavour to press into Mr. Seward's room, he (the assassin) drew a revolver, which he presented at Mr. Frederick Seward's head. What followed, it must be remembered, took place in a few seconds. Mr. Frederick Seward's first thought was, "That's a navy revolver." The man pulled the trigger, but it only snapped, and his intended victim thought, "That cap missed fire." His next sensation was that of confusion, and being upon the floor, resting upon his right arm, which, like his father's jaw, was barely recovered from a bad fracture—the assassin had felled him to the floor with the butt of the pistol—he put his hand to his head, and finding a hole there, he thought, "That cap did not miss fire, after all." Then he became insensible, and remained so for two days and more. His first indication of returning consciousness was the question, "Have you got the ball out?" after which he fell off again into a comatose condition, which was of long continuance. On the very afternoon of the day when Mr. Lincoln was assassinated Mr. Frederick Seward, who was Assistant-Secretary of State, had asked his father what preparation should be made for the presentation of Sir Frederick Bruce, which was to take place the next day. Mr. Seward gave him the points of a reply to be made to Sir Frederick, and he laid the outline of the speech upon the President's table, and, as I have previously informed my readers, Mr. Lincoln that afternoon wrote out the reply, adopting Mr. Seward's suggestions, and thus preparing that reception of the British Minister by President Johnson which was regarded at the time by the people to whose representative it was addressed as so friendly, and fair, and dignified. Mr. Frederick Seward's first inquiry after he came fully to his senses, which was a long time after the assassination, was, "Has Sir Frederick Bruce been presented?" He thought that only one night had passed, since he knew not what had happened to him, and his mind took up matters just where it had left them. Mr. Seward's mental experience during his supposed assassination was in its nature so like that of his son, that it raises the question whether this absence of consternation and observation of minute particulars is not common in circumstances of unexpected and not fully comprehended peril. Mr. Seward was lying upon his side, close to the edge of his bed, with his head resting in a frame which had been made to give him ease, and to protect his broken jaw from pressure. He was trying to keep awake, having been seized upon by a sick man's fancy—it was that if he slept he would wake up with the lock-jaw. He was brought to full consciousness by the son's fall in the passage-way, followed by the entrance of the assassin, and the cry of Miss Seward, "Oh, he

from King's Lynn, on the banks of the Ouse. The 7.30 train at Lynn for Wiesbeach had left Magdalen Station but a short time when the driver of the engine felt it go over something. The night being dark he had seen no obstruction on the line, but being alarmed at what he had felt, he shut off steam, and applying the brake, brought the train to a standstill. On proceeding back to the place where he felt the engine pass over something, he found a number of human remains frightfully mangled, and found they were the bodies of two persons, one of whom was cut all to pieces, a leg lying here, an arm there, and the head and the heart elsewhere; and the other severely mangled, but not killed. Assistance being obtained, it was found that the men belonged to the village, the one so frightfully and fatally mangled being a married man, named Ganton, the father of a family of ten children. The other is an elderly man. It is said the latter was very intoxicated, and the former was seeing the charitable part of taking the old man home. It is supposed that deceased either did not hear the train which came behind them, or else was engaged in the landable, but, as it turned out, fatally unfortunate endeavour to get his companion away from the line, when they both fell; deceased being foremost was cut all to pieces, and death must have been instantaneous.

four, &c. The Pacific Company's mail steamer was allowed to enter under special permission. The naval force at Valparaiso was not considered sufficient for the protection of British interests, the admiral being at Vancouver's Island, and Commodore Harvey, of the *Leander*, in Callao Bay. Great dissatisfaction was expressed at Valparaiso at the continued absence of the *Leander*. The only British war vessels in that port were the sloops *Mutine*, *Columbie*, and *Scout*. The *Leander*, was, however, hourly expected. Sener Tavora, late Spanish minister in Chili, arrives by the *Tasmanian*, having been recalled from his post by the Madrid Cabinet. The Pacific Company's steamer, *San Carlos*, was allowed to coal and take in provisions only at Valparaiso, and when she had finished was peremptorily ordered from Chilean waters. The commander entered a protest against this illegal treatment and insult to the British flag.

A LITTLE IMPEDIMENT.—A speaker at one of the Colston dinners at Bristol, alluding to his constant attendance at a particular charity, boasted that he had through a long series of years never been absent but once or twice, when he was stopped by death or some little thing of the sort!

HUMMING BIRD

HUMMING BIRD IS COMING.

HUMMING BIRD EARLY IN DECEMBER.

NOTICE.

The enormous success of *Humming Bird* has still increasing demand, has induced the publisher to prepare an

EXTRAORDINARY CHRISTMAS NUMBER
(in addition to the usual weekly Numbers, with which will be presented
GRATIS, AN EIGHT PAGE SUPPLEMENT.
Our readers may therefore be looking forward with great interest for the forthcoming

CHRISTMAS NUMBER AND SUPPLEMENT.
Amongst the contents may be mentioned the following new and original features, written expressly for this Magazine (to be published December 6):—

The opening chapters of a beautiful story for Christmas, entitled
THE HUMMING BIRD,
by the highly talented author of "Twenty Straws," "Dora Riversdale," &c.

Illustrated by L. HOWARD.
We have also to place in the hands of our readers
THE SEALED PACKET,
AND WHAT WAS IN IT
Consisting of six stories, each given by seven popular lady writers; namely:—

UNDER THE MISLETOE
By Mrs. GORDON SMYTHIES.
THE SPECTRE OF AVINGDEANE PRIORY.
By Mrs. CROW.

WOLF SKIN.
By MADAME DE CHATELAIN.
THE MAGIO WHISTLE.
By Mrs. WINSTANLEY.

A POEM
By ELIZA COOK.
DIMBLEBERRY GRANGE; OR, THE EVILS OF A TOO-LATE REPENTANCE
By EMMA WATTS PHILLIPS.

THE DOUBLE-BEDDED ROOM.
By JANE PORTER.
(By whom, also, the introduction is written.)
Illustrated by Gilbert and Hattala.

Another important announcement we have to make, in producing
A NEW AND ORIGINAL SET OF WALTZES.
By the popular composer, C. GODFREY.

Amusements for Christmas Firesides, with illustrations to the following games by T. H. WILSON:—
Blind Man's Buff, Hunt the Slipper, Oying the Forfeit, Paying Penalty for Forfeits, The Dumb Bird, Snodragon, Christmas Tree, &c.

Also a rare budget of Riddles, Enigmas, Conundrums, Riddles, Fables, Charades, Fortune-telling, Tricks and Ceremonies, Leggerdains, Puzzles, Coloured Draw Games and Amusements, Dancing, and a General Round of Fun and Frolic to fill every home with merry laughter throughout the festive season.

Continuation of the highly successful tales of "BETTER LATE THAN NEVER" and "THE THIRD FINGER OF THE LEFT HAND"—Adventures, National Customs, and Curious Facts—Bogus, apocryphal, with Portrait—Christmas Essays—Pages especially devoted to the Ladies—Poetry—The Work-table—Varieties—Sayings and Doings—Fine Art Engravings—Notices to Correspondents, &c.

The Number, as usual, will be One Penny; the Extra Christmas Number and Supplement, One Penny.
The Two Numbers and Supplement, Two pence.

The cheapest and most remarkable twentyworth of good and entertaining reading ever offered to the public.
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With Illustrations by Eminent Artists.
No. 912, Price One Penny, now publishing, contains:—
L'AFRICAIN; OR, A SLAVE'S DEVOTION.
A RUNAWAY MATCH.
VIEW OF THE BAR OF OPORTO.
THE KING'S HIGHWAY.
A ROMANCE OF THE LONDON ROAD A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.
RIP VAN WINKLE.
And the following Complete Stories, &c.:—
Our Uncle—Poetess in France—Danger of Taking a "Drop Too Much"—A Village-making Animal—A Russian Wolf-Hunt—A Snake Story—A Family of Builders—Largest Vineyard in the World—A Bird Song—A Determined Girl—Miscellaneous—Chess—Wit and Humour—Practical Receipts—Notices to Correspondents, &c. &c.
London: J. DICKS, 313, Strand.

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THE TOWN OF LEIRA, PORTUGAL.
WEYMOUTH COLLEGE.
COUNT GONDOMIR AND HIS GUESTS.
The Universe—Kindred Hearts—Sharp Repartee—Parishments in Morocco—Cleanings and Gatherings—Clippings from "Punch" and "Fun," &c., &c.
London: J. DICKS, 313, Strand.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.		H. W. L. B.	
D.	M.	P. M.	A. M.
25	S	Michaelmas Term ends	6 6 6 31
26	S	24th Sunday after Trinity	6 59 7 29
27	M	Princess Mary Adelaide born, 1833	8 3 8 40
28	T	Washington Irving died, 1859	9 18 9 55
29	W	Faustkerry executed, 1824	10 32 11 5
30	T	St. Andrew	11 37 —
31	F	Prince of Wales born, 1841	0 5, 0 33

Moon's Changes.—First quarter 26th, 2a 59n. a.m.
Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. AFTERNOON.
Prov. 13; John 18. Prov. 14; Heb. 2.

BOYES OF THE WEEK.
Feast Days.—25th, St. Catherine, Virgin and Martyr (A.D. 707); 30th, St. Andrew (Apostle and Martyr).

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS AND REYNOLDS'S MISCELLANY sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 2d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent miscarriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from news-vendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 2d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent miscarriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

W. J. A. (Greydon).—All depends upon the talent of the players, and the house. We hear of some getting 21s. per week, and others from ten to twenty guineas.

L. L. P.—The origin of churchyards dates from the eighth century. In England, the practice of erecting vaults in chapels and under altars was begun by Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, when he rebuilt the cathedral in 1075.

B. B. B.—The old and new testaments were translated into English out of the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages. The Jews have copies of the Bible, written on parchment, several hundred years old.

P. A. (Oxfordham).—Thanks for your remarks and the suggestion. We cannot comply with the latter.

H. B.—The charge for admission into a Roman Catholic Chapel is perfectly legal.

F. B. B.—A deserter from either the army or navy can be pursued and apprehended at any time, no matter how distant, or what position he may now hold.

A. B. T.—A naval cadet is a lad who is placed in a school where he may become highly qualified to perform the duties of an officer, and he receives an appointment as a consequence of his unquestionable fitness.

E. C. B.—A register of ticket-of-leave convicts is kept at the Home Office.

B. B. B.—The word etiquette is pure French, and is pronounced et-i-ke-t.

F. F.—No Lord Chamberlain was ever Prime Minister of England. The Catholic Emancipation Bill was passed during the administration of the Duke of Wellington.

R. B. B.—Edmund Kean never performed at the theatre now known as the Lyceum.

A. T.—The reason that thunder is not heard until some time after the lightning is seen, is that sound is much longer in arriving at our ears than light is at our eyes; light moves almost instantaneously; but sound moves only at the rate of 1,144 feet in a second. What is vulgarly called a thunderbolt is only lightning when it acts with extraordinary violence, and breaks or shatters whatever lies in its way.

D. C.—You have a good ground for an application to the Divorce Court. The case ought not to cost you more than about £35 or £40. If you do not know a London solicitor practicing in that court, send us your address and we will write to you by post to recommend you one.

K. T.—Procure the "Guide to the Law, for General Use," by Mr. Edward Reynolds, barrister; price 3s. 6d., or 3s. 10d. per free, published by Stevens and Son, Bell-yard, Lincoln's Inn. The second edition of this very useful and popular work is now on sale.

S. B. B.—The present is one among several standards used by the Turks as a symbol of their dominion in connection with their religion. It is used also as an ornament. The origin of its use in both ways may have arisen from the following fact: Mahomet, at the introduction of his religion, said to his followers, "When you see the new moon, begin the fast; and to this day the fast is not begun until some one tells him he has seen the new moon."

L. B.—Milton was paid £15 for "Paradise Lost," Pope £7,200 for his translation of "Homer's Iliad." The greatest price ever paid by a publisher was those to Lord Byron, by Murray of 41, Abchurch-lane, London.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1856.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE accounts received of the negro insurrection in Jamaica abound in horrors; and we regret to say that the English authorities seem to have excelled the negroes in savage barbarity and unmitigated cruelty. We here take occasion to glance at some of those terrible deeds perpetrated in the name of "law and order." On October 19, Colonel Hobbs, pursuing his march, laments that up to this time, "to my regret the rebels had too cowardly treated us," in evacuating what he calls their "stronghold," and dispersing at the approach of his regiment. But he obtains some satisfaction by help of the police:—"About daylight this morning, in passing through this village of cross-roads, where the rebels destroyed everything, I found a number of special constables who had captured a number of prisoners from the rebel camp. Finding their guilt clear, and being unable either to take or leave them, I had them all shot. The constables then hung them on trees, eleven in number. Their countenances were all diabolical, and they never flinched the very slightest." That it may be seen on what species of evidence British officers, commanding a Queen's regiment, can thus act as hangmen of captives made by special constables out of a "camp," we subjoin Colonel Hobbs's own account of his chief approver, and of his method of investigation, or, as he calls it, "coming to an understanding":—"I must not forget to tell you that I have got Paul Bogle's valet for my guide—a little fellow of extraordinary intelligence. A tight rope tied to the stirrup, and a revolver now and then to his head, cause us to understand each other; and he knows every single rebel in the island by name and face, and has just been selecting the capitalists, colonels, and secretaries out of an immense gang of prisoners just come in here, whom I shall have to shoot to-morrow morning." Such are the despatches of an officer in command of regular troops. We have now to request our readers' attention to the following extract of a letter of the special correspondent of the *Jamaica Standard*:—"The supposed rebels that were captured and brought in during the day of Tuesday last, and early on the following morning, were examined by the provost-marshal at his office, but beyond being stragglers, nothing was proved that warranted the commitment of the whole of them before a court-martial. About thirty were, one by one, lashed to a gun, and catted, receiving fifty lashes on the bare back, laid on after the manner of war fashion, and the rest (about twenty) committed as rebels. Among the rebels was George Marshall, a brown man of about twenty-five years old, who, on receiving forty-seven lashes, ground his teeth, and gave a ferocious look of defiance at the provost-marshal. He was immediately ordered to be taken from the gun and hanged. No time was lost, and he was accordingly strung up in the presence of the insurrectionists." Can it be Englishmen who do these things in a British colony, where British law exists, and a British governor represents the Queen? Is it British officers who thus, pursuing men who never fire a shot in self-defence, but fling down their arms and pray for protection, answer the prayer by the cat and the halter? Is it actually in this nineteenth century that we read in the English language of men hung and shot by the dozen on evidence of a wretched child, who is bound to his captor's saddle, and, with a revolver at his head, made "to understand" his captor's wishes? And is it among civilized men that we hear of a miserable "brown man," against whom nothing could be proved warranting his even being tried, yet lashed to a gun and flogged, and then, because at the forty-seventh lash he ground his teeth and gave a ferocious look, instantly ordered to be taken from the gun and hanged? Or, if even we try to stop our ears and shut out from our thoughts such revolting scenes, what are we, in coldest blood, to say of the bare facts of a "rebellion" of one day, in which forty lives were lost, and for which between 200 and 400 "rebels" are variously estimated as having been shot or hung in twelve days of retribution? But the picture has yet darker shades. There is in Jamaica a savage race, the aborigines of the island, the Maroons, who, forty years ago, were the slave-catchers of the planters. These were taken into the service of the Government, and let loose upon the people, with liberty to shoot all whom they choose to consider

rebels. How they did their work is told with approval in the following extract from the *Kington Gleaner* of October 19:—"Their appearance, decorated with their well-known 'war paint,' struck terror into the hearts of the rebels at Portland and St. Thomas in the East. They are already scouring the country for rebels, dragging them from their concealment, and exterminating them wherever they have been found. Over one hundred rebels are reported to have been shot by the Maroons in this mission already." And to remove any doubt about the fitness of these men to be employed in the service of the Queen, the *Gleaner* adds the following statement:—"At an execution of the rebels, and while the dead bodies were hanging as a public example, the Maroons (we are informed by Colonel Hunt) assembled round the gallows, where they had a war dance, the savage wildness of which was truly grand."

FREE TRADE in popular amusements has advanced one more step nearer to that absolute concession at which it inevitably must sooner or later arrive. In the stoutly contested question of the Theatres versus the Music-halls, the Court of Common Pleas pronounced a decision which, whilst it scores for the present to the music-halls the privilege of representing what is known in common parlance as a "ballet," plainly intimates that there is no species of theatrical entertainment—always under due supervision—for which they may not rationally seek the permission of the legislature. Upon this ulterior point it is to be expected that the theatres will hotly join issue. It is four years ago since the theatres became sensible that the attractions of the music-halls were seriously diminishing their profits. They actually advanced, by way of diminishing those attractions in turn, that a dialogue between two or more persons constituted a "stage-play," came under the Act 6 and 7 Victoria, and consequently was illegal in a music-hall which does not boast the Lord Chamberlain's license. What is more, they succeeded in establishing that plea; another proof, if any were needed, that the intention and the effect of the legislature do not always coincide; and it is a wonder that so startling a perversion of an enactment did not prove the ruin of our friend "Punch" at the street-corners. Debarred the use of words, save in a monologue, the music-halls took refuge in action. They substituted that particular species of entertainment, perhaps more meretricious than intellectual, to which the public is content to affix the general term of "ballet." They continued to increase in popular attraction, and the theatres flew at them again by declaring that a ballet was equally a "stage-play," and, therefore, equally illegal. Upon this issue the most ludicrous arguments were adduced on each side of the question, and the ingenious manner in which the counsel for either party managed to ignore or evade the vital points in the case, namely, its aspect as a "free trade" or "monopoly," and consequent dictation to the public in its amusements, was very curious, and would have amazed any disinterested spectators. The theatres asserted that "ballets" were "stage-plays," because they conveyed a story, and that, therefore, though they were sanctioned by one Act of Parliament as "dancing," they were illegal under another as "stage-plays." One ingenious counsel for the "managers" objected to the "ballets," not only as immoral on account of the drapery to which they were restricted but because when one elegant Amazon in pink stabbed another delicate sylph in blue, and then placed a shapely leg in triumph upon the graceful corpse, it "exhibited some of the worst feelings of our nature." Sensitive Mr. Brierley! Profusion of garniture is, perhaps, scarcely the prevailing characteristic of the burlesques at the theatres, and the learned gentleman's argument of "worst feelings" would banish "Macbeth" from Drury Lane and "Medea" from the Opera. The music-halls were equally quibblers. They contended that the ballets were not "theatrical representations," and that the Alhambra, with orchestras, footlights, proscenium, stage, trap-door, curtain, wings, drop scenes, and flats (especially in front), was not a "theatre." They as good as argued that its proprietors might produce within its walls whatever sort of entertainment they pleased, because the spectators were provided with the means of eating, drinking, and smoking whilst they looked on! All this miserable beating about the bush was blown to the winds in one word by Chief Justice Erle and his brother judges of the Court of Common Pleas. They elected to decide that Mr. Tyrwhitt was right in declining to convict the Alhambra of having infringed the statute, and they pronounced that, as a matter of law, these ballets did not constitute "stage plays."

THE POPE.—On the night of Oct. 30, the Pope was extremely unwell. One of the issues in his left leg was closed, and this drove the humours upon the breast, producing a very painful and dangerous suffocation. Medical assistance brought relief, but his holiness is still very pale and ill-looking, though he keeps up his spirits wonderfully. In the Sacred College and among the Roman prelates there is more and more talk, although in whispered confidence, of the probable results of a conclave.

BIGAMY.—At the Central Criminal Court, James Maxwell McDonald, 37, described as a clerk, pleaded guilty to two indictments charging him with bigamy. He also pleaded guilty to another indictment which charged him with knowingly permitting and causing a false entry to be made in the register of marriage of the parish of Deptford. Mr. Sleight, who was instructed to prosecute, said that the prisoner appeared to have been guilty of the most heartless conduct. In 1849 he was married to a respectable young lady, and after having lived with her several years, and having several children by her, he deserted her, leaving her and her family quite destitute, and for a considerable time she heard nothing of him. In 1857 it appeared that he became acquainted with another most respectable young lady, who was earning a good livelihood by keeping a boarding-school in the neighbourhood of London, and she yielded to his solicitations and married him, believing him to be a single man. He served his second wife as he did the first, and deserted her, after they had lived together a few years, and then, it appeared, was introduced to a respectable family in the City of London, and made an offer of marriage to one of the daughters. The parents were at first averse to the marriage taking place, but they at length yielded to the importunity of the prisoner, and the ceremony took place; and very soon afterwards the first and real wife made her appearance, and the base conduct of the prisoner was discovered. The other offence to which the prisoner had pleaded guilty consisted in his having falsely described himself, upon the occasion of his marriage with one of the young ladies, as a bachelor, when he was perfectly well aware that he had been married. The Common Serjeant said this was one of the worst cases of bigamy that he remembered, and he sentenced the prisoner to be kept in penal servitude for seven years.

The Court.

Their royal highnesses Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse took leave of their royal highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales on Saturday, and left Sandringham, proceeding by the eleven o'clock train, ex Wollerton, to London, en route for Windsor Castle. The Baroness Schenck and the Baron Ribbans were in attendance.

His royal highness Prince Edward of Saxo-Wimar also left Sandringham, having terminated his visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The Duke and Duchess of Manchester and Earl Sefton have also left. Their royal highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by the Hon. Mrs. Edward Coke, Lieutenant-General Knollys, and Major Teesdale, and the party staying at the Hall, attended divine service at Sandringham Church on Sunday, the Rev. G. B. Moxon officiating.

Her Majesty held a council on Monday, at which were present Earl Russell, the Duke of Somerset, and the Right Hon. Sir George Grey. Earl Russell and Sir George Grey had audiences of the Queen. The Right Hon. W. Cowper had an audience to deliver up the insignia of the Garter worn by the late Viscount Palmerston.

Mr. Justice Lush, Mr. Lees, of the Colonial Service, and Dr. Hilditch, Inspector-General of Hospitals and Fleets, were introduced to her Majesty by Sir George Grey, and severally received the honour of knighthood.

The Right Hon. W. and Mrs. Gladstone had the honour of dining with the Queen and the royal family on Sunday.

On Tuesday morning, while the greater proportion of the inhabitants of the royal borough of Windsor, were yet slumbering in their beds, the rejoicings on the occasion of the twenty-fifth birthday anniversary of her Royal Highness Princess Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa (Princess Royal and Crown Princess of Prussia), who was born on the 21st of November, 1840, were commenced at Windsor Castle. At about twenty minutes to seven o'clock the choir of the Chapel Royal of St. George's assembled in the Horse-shoe Cloisters, whence they proceeded to the Oratory by special command of her Majesty, in order to serenade the Princess Victoria. The morning was yet dark, and the rain fell in torrents when the band of choristers took up a position beneath the Lancaster Tower, which contains the suite of apartments occupied by the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia. The last echoes of the Castle clock striking the hour of seven had scarcely died away when the cathedral choir commenced singing under the direction of Dr. Elvey, the organist of St. George's, beneath the windows of their royal highness's sleeping apartment, the selection of music being as follows:—

"Hail, Smiling Morn" Spofforth.
"The Dawn of Day" Reay.
"Up, ye Doves" Macfarren.
"Foresters, Sound the Cheerful Horn" Bishop.
"Behold the Woods" Mendelssohn.
"The Walts" Saville.
National Anthem.

The voices of the choir sounded very sweetly in the still morning, but if the Princess was awakened by the tuncful notes beneath her window, she must have been grossly deceived by the opening piece, the "morn" being far from smiling, and the weather intensely disagreeable, as evidenced by the array of umbrellas beneath which the choristers took shelter. The various songs were, however, executed with that brilliancy for which the choir of St. George's is now famous, and the serenade was brought to a close about half-past seven o'clock. An hour afterwards the bells of the Chapel Royal and parish church rang out merry peals, and flags and banners were displayed from the houses and shops of the principal residents in the town, while the usual birthday salutes were fired.

THE SUNDAY LEAGUE.

A DEPUTATION, consisting of the delegates from the trades' associations of the metropolis, and a deputation appointed at a public meeting held at Cambridge Hall, Newman-street, waited on Earl Granville on Saturday, at his private residence, Bruton-street, on the subject of the removal of the cartoons of Raphael from Hampton Court to the South Kensington Museum.

The deputation consisted of Messrs. J. M. Morrell (secretary), J. Baxter Langley, and F. R. Bertolotti, and the following trades delegates:—Messrs. Mickson (representing 1,000 of the haters of the metropolis), Shuff (coach painters), Cole (carriers), Preece (upholsterers), Cochran (representing 2,000 of the house and decorative painters).

Mr. MORRELL, as the secretary to the deputation, and Mr. LANGLEY, as chairman of the meeting at Cambridge Hall, explained the objects of the deputation, which were to present a memorial from the representatives of the working men of London, respectfully protesting against the removal of the cartoons of Raphael from Hampton Court, where they were visible to the public on a Sunday, to the South Kensington Museum, where they are not visible to the working men on the only day when they can examine them by daylight.

In the course of conversation Mr. Langley pointed to the fact that the licensed victuallers and publicans had found it to be to their interest to establish museums and picture-galleries in their houses, and that these were opened and densely thronged by visitors on Sunday afternoon and evening. He further commented upon the fact that, according to the statistics recently published by Mr. Miall, it appeared that there was only accommodation for fifty-seven per cent. of the adult population of London, nevertheless that it was notorious that the churches and chapels with rare exceptions were not crowded, and it was a fair inference that less than one-half of the adult population went to no place of worship whatever. In was a question whether it would not be better to provide elevating influences and educational instruction for this great mass of the people. The deputation and memorialists represented about 200,000 of the citizens of the metropolis.

Some of the trades' delegates present explained that it was wholly impracticable for the members of their order to visit museums and picture galleries in the evenings. If therefore these institutions could not be opened to the working people on Sunday afternoon, they might as well be closed altogether, so far as that class was concerned.

Earl GRANVILLE entered into an earnest conversation, explaining that while his own views were entirely in accordance with those of the deputation upon the general question it was impossible for a Government to act without a consideration of the express wishes of the House of Commons, and that he should like to take a few days before giving any definite reply.

Mr. MORRELL pointed to the fact that the Botanical Gardens and National Gallery in Dublin had been opened by the Government on Sunday afternoons since the adverse vote of the House of Commons, and that Kew Gardens and Museum had also been opened without complaint on the part of anybody. He also pointed to the fact that although Mr. Sheepshanks, in leaving his collection, had expressed a wish that the public should be afforded every opportunity of seeing it, still the Government had not as yet done so.

The deputation remained close upon an hour with Earl Granville, and his lordship throughout evinced much interest in the facts which the deputation laid before him, expressing at the close his gratification at the subject being brought before him by the deputation.

ATTEMPTED WIFE MURDER IN LEEDS.

On Saturday Edward Albert Sheard was brought before the mayor and ex-mayor, at the Town Hall, Leeds, charged with attempting to take the life of his wife, Isabella, by cutting her throat with a table-knife, at Armley Hall, Leeds, on Thursday. The following is the evidence of Mary Ann Robinson, who heroically saved the life of Mrs. Sheard. She said: The prisoner and his wife are strangers to me. On Thursday Isabella Sheard came to my house at New Wortley, at nine o'clock in the morning, to assist me in washing. She had her baby with her. In the afternoon the prisoner came to my house. He walked into the kitchen and said, "Does Bella Mountain live here?" and before I answered he saw her in the kitchen. He went to the baby, which was being nursed by a girl, and made great fuss over it. He had a conversation with his wife about an order made upon him for the payment of 5s. a week to her. He said he was thrown out of work, and would not work to get it, and she told him he could go to work on the road for it. She said the magistrates would make him pay her, and he said he would not; he would rather go to gaol than either work or pay the 5s. An altercation ensued, and the woman refused to return to the man's house while he lived there with another woman. The witness, after describing this, went on to say: I then went into the cellar, which is beneath the kitchen, and when there I heard a scream. I hurried up into the kitchen, and saw him stabbing at her with a knife as hard as he could go. I saw him give her several stabs in the arm, face, and anywhere the knife struck. I was terrified, and did not know what to do. I was standing at the cellar door, and he put his hand to his wife's chin, and held her up against the wall, and drew the knife once across the throat. At that time she had her child in her arms. I then seized him round the waist, but found he was too strong. I then laid hold of his legs, got him down, and got on the top of him, and took the knife from him. During the struggle he got up, and so did I, and he gave me a kick. I then went to the next door, and told Mrs. Angby that Sheard was killing his wife, but she did not come in. I immediately returned, and prisoner was then kicking his wife dreadfully. At the time he drew the knife across her throat she fell, and I thought she was dead, and on my return from the next door I picked her up. I then for the first time saw him kick the baby under the grate of the copper, where there was a fire. I took the child up, and kept it in my arms. The prisoner then rushed by me and ran away, saying, "Now, I have done for thee." I then saw his wife bleeding from a gash in her throat. I got her to the door to get a little fresh air. I then sent for her sister, who took her to her house. I have examined the baby, but do not find any marks upon it. The knife I took from the prisoner was one of my own, with which I had been cutting soap. My hand was out in the struggle. In reply to the prisoner, Mrs. Robinson said he was sober; she did not see his wife smacked him in the face. It was stated that the prisoner's wife could not attend the court, and the prisoner was therefore remanded.

MUNIFICENT DONATION.—The friends and supporters of the British Home for Incurables, Clapham-rise, will be gratified to learn that the Marquis Townshend has lately presented the sum of £1,000 to the funds of that charity.

CONVICTION OF A NOTORIOUS THIEF.—At the Middlesex Sessions, John Kelly, 37, tailor, was indicted for stealing a cloak, value 30s., the property of George Rogers. Mr. Longford prosecuted; Mr. Bealey defended the prisoner. Fanny Rogers, wife of the prosecutor, who lives in Salmon-lane, Limehouse, said, on Thursday, the 2nd of November, she left her house at three o'clock in the afternoon, but had not been out more than four or five minutes, when one of her little girls called her back again, and on going there she found the prisoner in the act of shutting the front door, and he then ran away. When she got into her house she missed a seal-skin cloak from the parlour, where she had left it hanging up, and she afterwards found it on the floor of the passage. She then ran out of the house, pursued the prisoner, and at length overtook him. She seized hold of him by the coat, but he broke away from her by slipping out of it, and leaving the coat in her hand. She then gave information to the police, with a description of the person of the prisoner. Sarah Rogers, daughter of Mrs. Rogers, said that her mother went out and left her in the house. While she was in the kitchen she saw the prisoner come out into the passage with a cloak on his arm. She told him that he had been in her mother's room, which he denied, and then he threw the cloak behind the door and ran away. Seeing that she went out and called her mother. James Noakes, police-constable 85 K, said from the information given to him he took the prisoner into custody on the charge of stealing the cloak, and he said he knew nothing about it. Mr. Bealey made a very able address on behalf of the prisoner. The jury found the prisoner "Guilty." Mr. Payne sentenced him to be kept in penal servitude for seven years.

CAPTURE OF A FORGER IN SPAIN.—William George Head, aged only nineteen, a clerk to Mr. Elliot, a solicitor, who is charged with having forged a cheque for £620 upon the Bank of London, is now in the custody of Huggett, one of the City police, at Vigo, in Spain. The prisoner had obtained a blank cheque from his master's book, which he filled for £620, and forged his signature so cleverly that it was at once paid in notes, which he forthwith exchanged for gold. From information afterwards gained by the police it was concluded that he had left England for Oporto. A telegram was forwarded to the police authorities of that town; the prisoner was taken into custody, and £500 in gold was found upon him. He was detained for some time, but as no one appeared against him from England, he was discharged with a passport for England, but the money was detained, with the exception of a small sum sufficient to take him home. Instead of returning to this country he made his way to Madrid, where he was found in an almost destitute state, and was arrested by the Spanish police for being without a passport. By that time the authorities in this country became aware of what had taken place, and Huggett was despatched to Madrid. There being, however, no extradition treaty with England, the Spanish authorities set him free, and he made his way to Vigo, followed by Huggett, who found him so sick of his expedition that he consented to accompany the officer back to England.

PASTILLAGES.—CLARK'S FAMILY OINTMENT.—This invaluable preparation, the wonderful properties of which have now for some time been well appreciated by a discerning public, is proved in a thousand instances to have alleviated the diseases and troubles of infancy and childhood. Onafegs, rawness, boils, sores, and skin eruptions of every description, scald head, ringworm, chilblains, cuts and bruises, crump and wheezing at the chest, have all in their turn yielded to its judicious and persistent application. Nor is it less efficacious in removing those distressing ailments which weary and dispirit persons of mature years, whilst its healing, soothing, and palliative qualities recommend it, beyond all question, as the great panacea for those obstinate and irritating malaises so frequently attendant on an advanced period of life. Numerous well authenticated instances can be adduced of rapid cures, and permanent relief in severe cases of rheumatism, sprains, who's throat swellings, sore throat, diphtheria, &c.; rheumatism in the head, lameness, chilblains, cramps, defective or in-grown nails, peeling of the skin of the hands, chapped and cracked lips, wheezing in the throat or chest, aggravy, hiccups, bruises, piles, and distum &c., &c. No person, whatever his or her station in life, should be without this Family Ointment, indispensable alike to the traveller, the sportsman, and the householder, in whom its manifold virtues will prove a source of comfort and economy. Sole wholesale by W. CLARK, 75, BARKER-STREET, LONDON, W., and retail by chemists throughout the world, in pots at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 9d. each. Agents in every town.—[Advertisement.]

EXHIBITION EXHIBITION! FAMILIAR SWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINES. For every home, are the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Write for Whig and Mann, 142, Holborn Bars, London. Manufacturers, Ipswich. [Advertisement.]

A BURGLARIOUS BEERHOUSE KEEPER.

At the Middlesex Sessions, Alfred Wood, 25, beerhouse-keeper and cabman, was indicted for breaking into and entering the dwelling-house of the Hon. Mrs. Russell Barrington, and stealing therein four £20 and ten £5 Bank of England notes, fifteen sovereigns, a gold watch, and other articles, the property of John Pike.

Mr. Bealey prosecuted; Mr. Starling defended the prisoner.

The prosecutor at the time of this occurrence, which was the 17th of August, was butler in the house of the Hon. Mrs. Barrington, of No. 11, Eaton-square, and knew the prisoner, who sometimes visited him at his mistress's house. On the morning of the 17th of August the prisoner went to the prosecutor and asked him to lend him £5 to pay three bills that were due, and he consented to do so. He (prosecutor) went to the plate chest and took from it a roll of notes, consisting of four £20 and ten £5 notes of the Bank of England, and fifteen sovereigns were wrapped up in them. Having given the prisoner the £5 note, he put the rest back, locked the plate chest, and put the key into a private cupboard, locked it, and put the key into his pocket. The prosecutor went out with the prisoner to pay the bills and they afterwards adjourned together to the Horse and Groom public-house near to the place. Having left that place the prosecutor went home to the house where his wife resided, promising to meet the prisoner again at half-past two o'clock to go with him to Chancery-lane. He met him accordingly to appointment, and on their return they parted at the bottom of Eaton-street, the prosecutor again going back to his wife's lodgings to get his beer. The prosecutor did not go back to his mistress's house until nearly ten o'clock, when he found that he could not open the door with his latch key. Having suspicions that something was wrong, he went to the next house and from that got on the roof of the pantry, and from that place he could see through the window of his mistress's house that the things were all strewn about, and the place in great confusion. The prosecutor then went to the front of the house, where he saw the prisoner and told him what had happened, and directed him to go to the back of the house to watch while he went for a policeman. Having got the assistance of a policeman the prosecutor again made his way to the back of the house and gained an entrance by one of the pantry windows that had been left open. He then saw, on getting into the house, that the plate-basket had been removed, and the plate-closet, which he had left locked, was wide open. The plate had been wrapped up as if ready for carrying away. A further examination revealed to the prosecutor the fact, that his private cupboard had been broken open where the key of the plate-closet was kept, and all the notes, gold, a gold watch, a silver watch, and gold Albert chain were gone. When the prosecutor ascertained the extent of his loss the prisoner appeared to be so frightened that he asked permission to stay in the house all night, and he said that it was a very bad job. It further appeared that while the butler was out the prisoner went to the house and saw the housemaid, and said if she liked he would give her a drive in his cab, and asked her to meet him at the Victoria Station at Pimlico. She consented to do so, and the prisoner went down stairs, and the housemaid thought she heard him shut the street door after him. She dressed herself with all possible speed, and went out, and after waiting for upwards of twenty minutes beyond the appointed time at the Victoria Station the prisoner arrived with his cab, and drove the housemaid down the Kensington-road to Butland-gate, where the cab was handed over to another person, and the prisoner and the housemaid walked away together. It was not until ten o'clock that the housemaid got home, when she was unable to enter the house, and the prisoner and prosecutor were at the door. As the notes and gold had been obtained by the prosecutor from a banker's, to enable him to go into business, the numbers of the notes were known and the prosecutor immediately made them known to the police, when it was ascertained that one of the notes had been changed at a jeweller's, and three £20 notes had been received by Mr. Henry Wilkins, of Artillery-lane, Bishopsgate, in part payment of the purchase-money of the Prince Arthur beer-shop. The theory of the prosecution was that the invitation to the housemaid to go out for a drive was but an artifice to get her out of the house, that he banged the street door of her mistress's house, but remained inside, and that when she went out he plundered the house. The whole of the stolen notes were paid into the Bank of England through the Westminster and London and County Bank, and they were produced by Mr. Richard A. Bayley, a clerk in the Bank of England.

Peter Smith, police-constable 168 B, said he took the prisoner into custody at the Prince Arthur beer-shop, in Queen's-road, Chelsea, and told him that he should take him for stealing £145 in notes and gold, and he said he had traced four £20 notes to him. The prisoner acknowledged that he had paid one £20 note to a Mr. Keoble, at Knightsbridge, and three to Mr. Watkins in payment for the beer-shop. Witness also told him that he wanted him for a gold and a silver watch and a gold chain, also stolen from No. 11, Eaton-square, and he only said it was a very bad job.

Mr. Starling having addressed the court on behalf of the prisoner,

The jury returned a verdict of "Guilty."

The Assistant Judge said the prisoner had been convicted on very clear evidence of one of the worst offences of the kind that had ever been brought before him, as he had plundered the prosecutor of the savings of a long period, and the court would ill discharge its duty if it did not pass a severe sentence, which was that he be kept in penal servitude for five years.

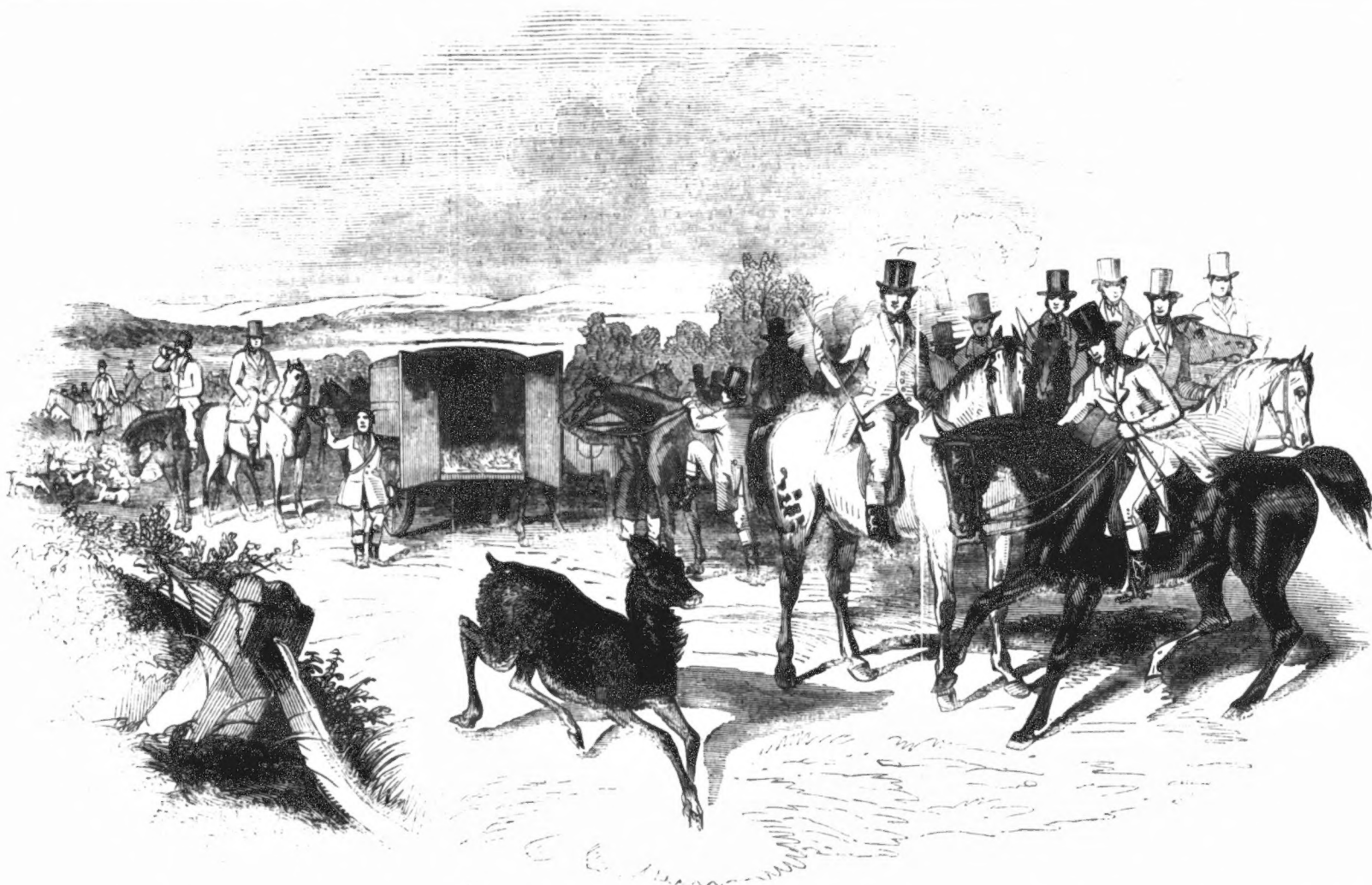
Mr. Bealey applied that the goods and chattels found in the beer-shop should be given up to the prosecutor.

Smith, the police-constable 168 B, said the whole of the property was given up on Saturday last to the owner of the premises.

The Assistant Judge said he feared that the application of Mr. Bealey came too late.

A NEW OCCASION.—In a notice of the opening of the Strand Theatre on Saturday evening, the *Morning Post* writes:—"In the course of the evening an incident occurred to which we have some allusion in alluding, but which as being, so far as we know, wholly without precedent in an English theatre, and also as intimating censorship of manners in a quarter where, according to conventional estimate, refinement is least to be expected, should not, perhaps, be suffered to pass without notice. In the stalls, which were occupied for the most part by ladies and gentlemen, manifestly of good social position, and all dressed in evening costume, there was seated, in company with a friend, a tall and remarkably pretty woman, the extraordinary lowness of whose dress was a general subject of observation, and obviously gave great scandal to the audience, among the female portion of whom a painful sensation was clearly perceptible. At last public indignation found expression in a brief emphatic form. No sooner had the curtain fallen on the first play than there was heard from the gallery a voice uttering in slow and well-measured accents an injunction which could be intended but for one person in the vast assembly. Pale with emotion, yet still retaining her gentle, placid look—for there was no taint of immodesty in her demeanour—she quietly drew her opera cloak over her shoulders, and then tied it tightly round her neck. In a few minutes afterwards she rose from her seat, and leaving behind her friend, a modestly-dressed woman, walked out of the house, and disappeared from the gallery, and stern silence, not less eloquent, in the stalls and boxes."

VERY COMFORTABLE.—Persons can now have Teeth to replace those lost, so that they cannot perceive any difference. Mr. Edward A. Jones, the Dentist, of 119, Strand, and 55, Connaught-terrace, Hyde-park, has just exhibited a new system, with a soft elastic gum, so that the roots and loose teeth can be covered and protected. No springs are used and there is no pain.—[Advertisement.]



UNCARTING THE DEER AT SALT HILL.

HER MAJESTY'S STAG-HOUNDS.

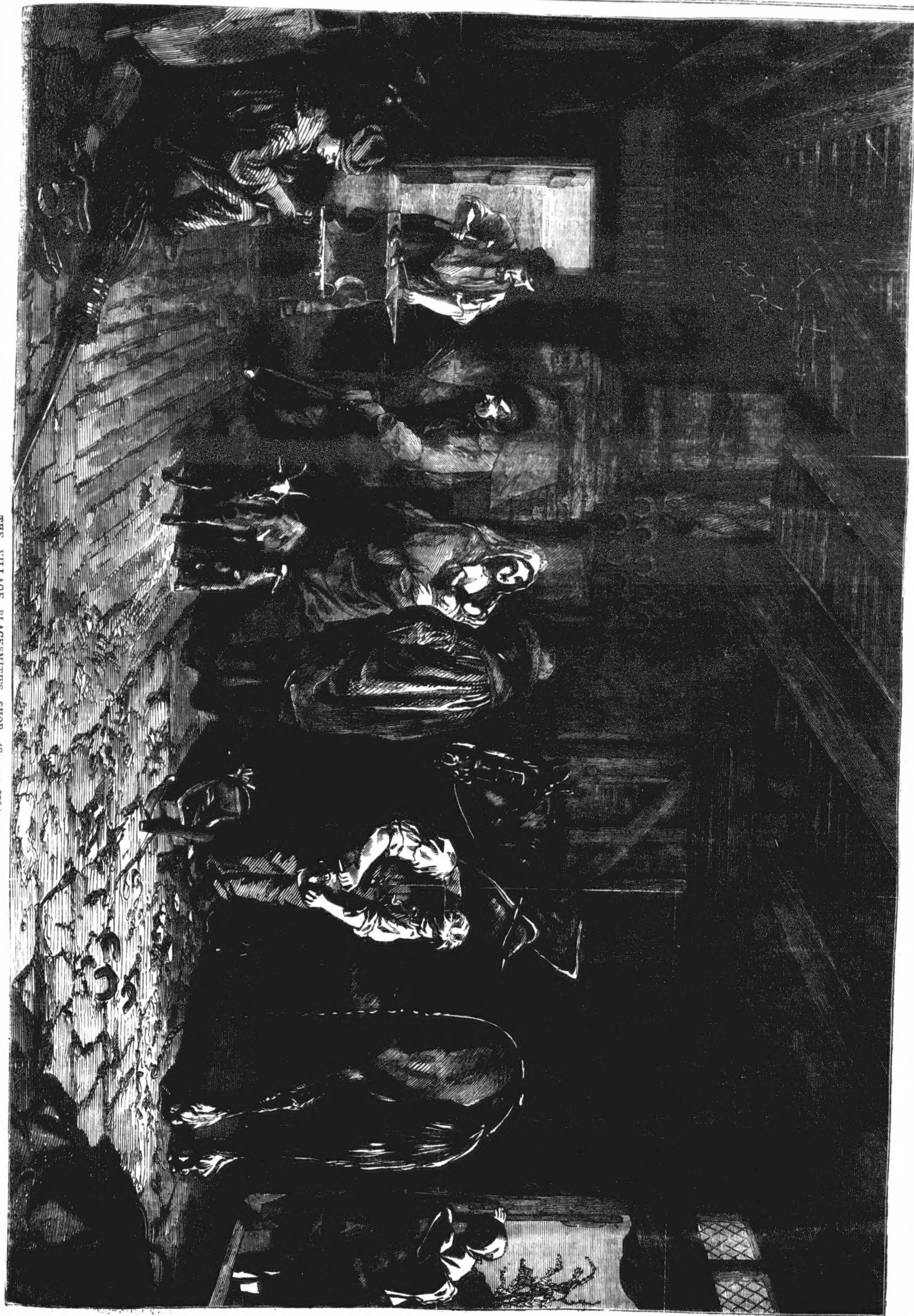
THE third meet of the season with the royal pack was held at Iwer-heath last week, a goodly company of the neighbouring aristocracy and gentry mustering on the occasion, besides a great number of pedestrians. Mr. Davis, the veteran royal huntsman, was

unfortunately absent owing to an attack of lumbago, and King, his second, was therefore called upon to preside in his place. "The Piper," a stag which had made a couple of runs last season, was the animal selected for the hunt. He was turned out of the van on Fulmer-common, about a mile and a half from the meeting place, and made away in the direction of Stoke, whither the pack, followed by the field, consisting of about fifty equestrians with

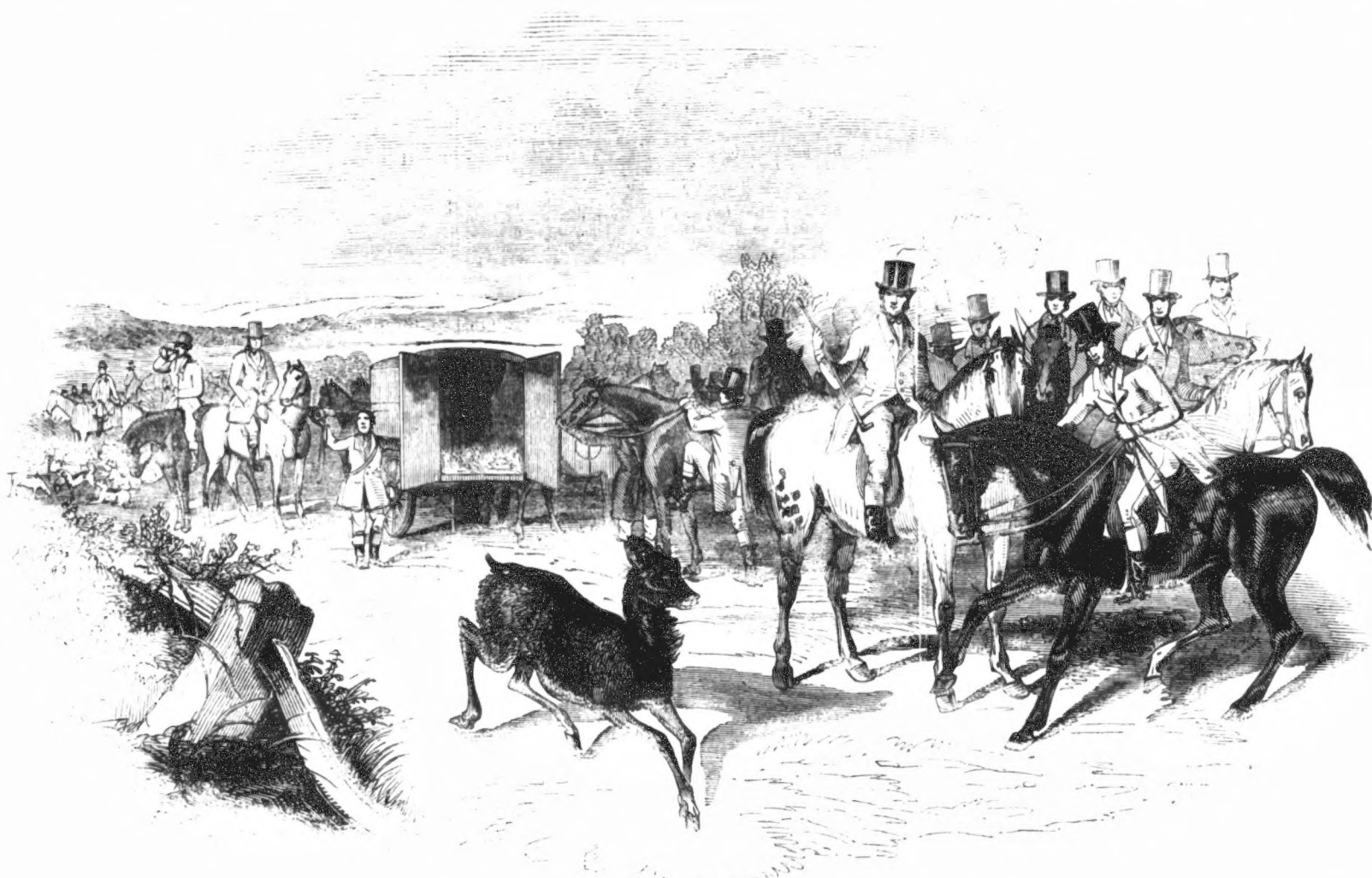
several ladies, made away at a pretty smart pace. On Friday the meet was at Maidenhead Thicket, with a middling field, though the deer "Yateley" gave some excellent sport, and made a rapid run by way of Knowle-hill, Hare-hatch, Bowsey-hill, to Hurley. At Hurley Mill "Yateley" crossed the Thames, and was finally taken at High Wycombe, after some three hours' running. We herewith give two engravings of the royal hunt.



FULL CRY IN WINDSOR FOREST.



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP. (See page 378.)



UNCARTING THE DEER AT SALT HILL.

HER MAJESTY'S STAG-HOUNDS.

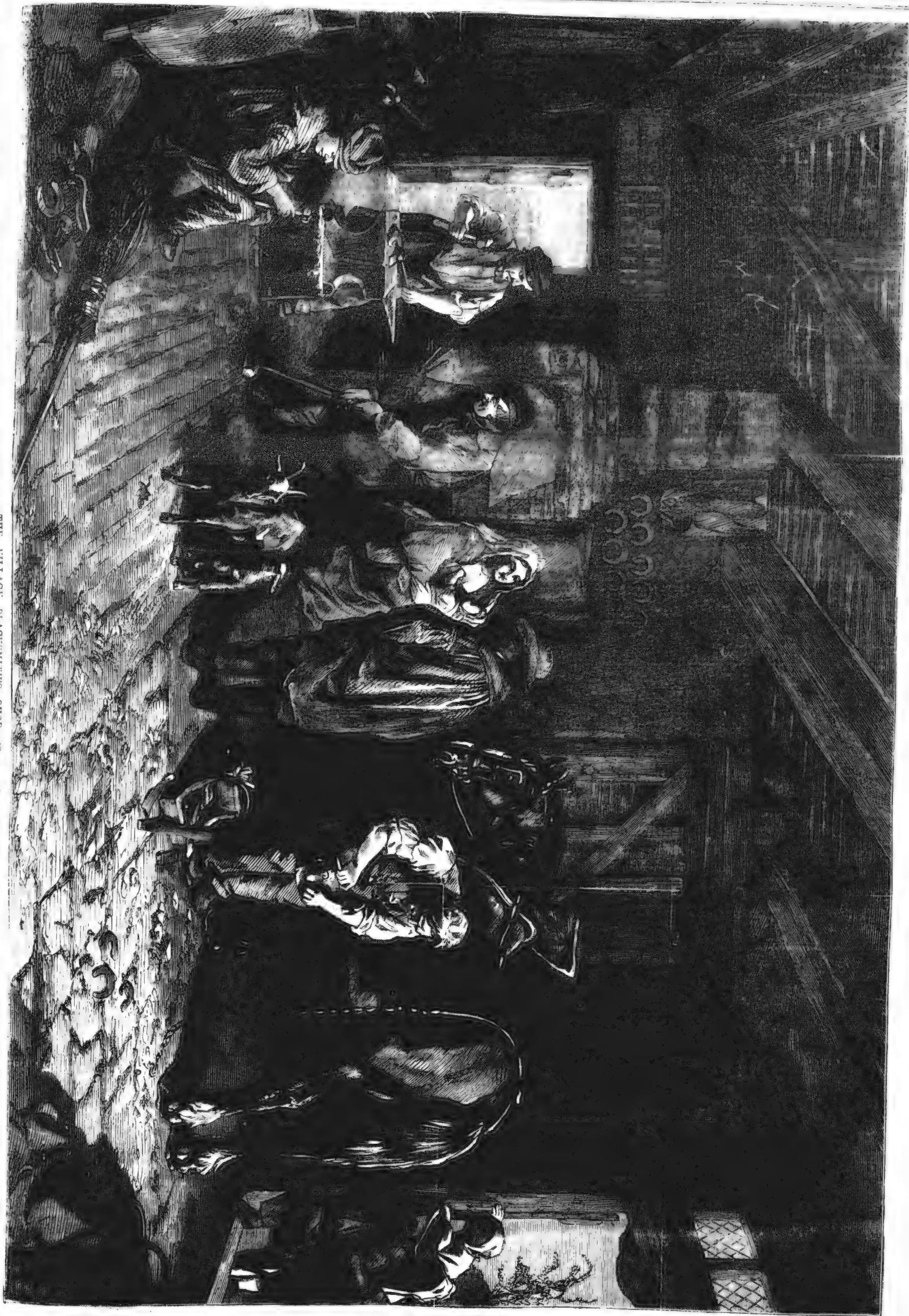
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FULL CRY IN WINDSOR FOREST.



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP (See page 37.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S—Signor Arditi's concert, at Her Majesty's Theatre, were inaugurated on Saturday evening with the greatest possible éclat. The theatre was densely crowded with a brilliant company. The programme included a grand symphony—Mozart's G minor—four overtures—Lindpainter's "Faust," Boileau's "Le Petit Chapeau Rouge," Mehul's "La Chasse du Jeune Henri," and M. Gounod's "Mirella"—an orchestral and vocal selection from "Mirella," violin fantasia ("Norma") and rondo—from De Beriot's Seventh Concerto—played by Miss Emilia Arditi, dances and vocal pieces by Mdlle. Sinico and Barolta, Signor Stagno, and Mr. Santley. The band was splendid, and Mozart's symphony, led by Signor Arditi, was magnificently played. Mdlle. Emilia Arditi, sister of the conductor, is, we believe, not yet fifteen years of age. She has already been exhibiting in public, and with great success. It was in the grand theatre of La Scala, at Milan, she created an unusual sensation before one of the most exacting audiences in Europe. The young violinist has a feeling and expression entirely beyond her years. This, indeed, is the remarkable part of her performance. Mdlle. Arditi had a great success, and was rewarded with hearty congratulations after both her pieces. The selection from M. Gounod's exquisite pastoral opera, "Mirella," was excellent. The song of the goatherd, "L'alba tranquilla in ciel," sung by Mdlle. Sinico, and "De l'Arlequin son regne," given by Mr. Santley, were both enthusiastically received. The other vocal pieces were the duet from "Don Giovanni," "La ci darem" (Mdlle. Barolta and Mr. Santley), encoired; Arditi's bolero "Leggero invisibile" (Mdlle. Sinico), rapturously encoired; romance, "M'appari, tuti' amor," from "Martha" (Signor Stagno), encoired; "O ruddier than the cherry" (Mr. Santley), furiously redemanded; an English (Irish) song, "I've roamed through many foreign lands" (Mdlle. Emilia Arditi), encoired. There were, besides, two dance pieces by Mr. D. Godfrey.

COVENT GARDEN—Meyerbeer's opera of "L'Africaine" continues to attract good audiences on the four nights of the week devoted to this great work. On Wednesday and Friday Mr. Henry Leslie's new opera of "Ida" was produced. The plot may be thus briefly described:—On the banks of the Rhine, it appears good fortune follows any family on whose ancestral battlements the storks annually build a nest. The castle of the Hainfelds was, years previously, stormed by soldiers, and the storks frightened away. The proprietor was killed, and the title deeds of the estate have been missing ever since. Ida of Hainfeld is first rescued from lawless troops, then loved, and ultimately married by Rudolph. He is supposed to be a student, but is a prince in disguise. Adrian, Ida's brother, is an officer in the Imperialist army, and returns in a despondent state, to the castle. Greca and Damian, housekeeper, and porter at the castle, direct their master's attention to the fact of two storks having again taken up their quarters in one of the towers. This is a favourable omen, but Adrian refuses to be comforted; having lost his castle at dice to Baron Langzeit, who comes to take possession, and proposes for Ida. She is obliged to confess her marriage, when Adrian becomes enraged, and rushing at Rudolph with a drawn sword, wounds his sister. He then shoots a stork, and goes mad. Neither the maiden nor the bird are killed, and round the neck of the latter is found a medallion containing information as to where the title deeds of the family are to be found. Eric, Rudolph's friend, tells him the missing deeds are in a vault below the dungeon. They are recovered by Rudolph, who places them where they can be seen by Adrian, whose malady takes a favourable turn from that moment. He regrets his cruelty, and, perceiving his sister's husband is really a prince, is delighted to welcome him, after his attempt to escape with Ida. Thus the Hainfeld fortunes are again in the ascendant, and the storks more venerated than ever. As is usual on the first few nights of a new opera by a popular composer, it is well received. Several of the pieces are very pretty, and will doubtless become popular. The special feature in connection with the opera was the first appearance of Mr. W. H. Cummings in operatic character. His success, as far as singing was concerned, was most successful. As an actor, he of course requires more practice.

STRAND—This very popular theatre reopened on Saturday evening last, and was crowded to excess by its old friends and supporters. The brilliant appearance of the theatre, and the alterations and improvements which have been made, were the theme of general admiration. The principal attraction of the opening night was a new opera burlesque, by Mr. F. O. Burnand, founded on Meyerbeer's last grand work, and entitled "L'Africaine; or, The Queen of the Camellia Islands." The music of the extravaganza by Mr. Frank Muirgrave, and is both original and attractive. Five scenes have been required by Mr. Burnand to tell the story, and the arrangements of these are, as might be expected, in grotesque mimicry of the original. Commencing with the King of Portugal's Council Chamber, we have the arrival of Vasco di Gama (Mr. J. D. Boyle) with the human specimens of his skill as a daring navigator, and the proofs of his successful enterprise having been accomplished. Nelson and Selika, played by Mr. D. James and Mr. Thomas Thorne, are converted into "niggers" of the concert hall pattern. The recitative, "You are a Donkey, O Selika," won the first encore, and the grand finale to the first scene, "Hi, ho! say what now," was heartily redemanded, great applause being bestowed on the concluding "break down" of the dancers, which was whimsically conceived and very briskly executed. The Prison Scene follows, in which the best lines are spoken by Inez (Miss Ada Swanborough). The scene ends with a merry concerted piece and a dance of four after the old Strand pattern. The third scene, which represents the characters all on board H.M.S. the Don Quay, is in funny imitation of the great ship scenes of the opera. Don Pedro (Miss Baynam) here gives a ludicrous caricature of some of the most striking attitudes of Miss Ada's Isaacs Mecken in the character of William, in "Black-Eyed Susan," and a spirited trio is sung. The fourth scene is laid in the Anthropophagous land, where the vessel is wrecked, and Vasco is crowned by Selika, King of the Cannibal Island. The old tune, with the immortal chorus of "Hoki-joki Wanki-lam," is divertingly introduced as the National Anthem of the country, and some laughter is created by the coronation ceremony taking the form of the May-day observance of Jack in the Green, with my Lord and my Lady. The last is a pretty moonlight scene of the Upsa Tree, with the ocean beyond, so effectively "set" and painted that Mr. Charles Fenton, the scenic artist, was called on by the acclamations of the audience. The curtain falls upon a medley finale, in which each of the characters separately sing a verse from the melodies in the piece, and then join in a general chorus. The curtain fell with all the strongest assurances of success, and the whole of the performers were called for and appeared. The burlesque, which is carefully got up, was preceded by the popular comedietta of "Short and Sweet," in which Mr. Farrelle, Mr. H. J. Turner, Miss E. Johnstone, and Miss Fanny Hughes appeared, and was followed by the farce of "An Alarming Sacrifice," in which Mr. Thomas Thorne, as Bob Ticket, represented the chief comic character.

SADLER'S WELLS—The attractive dramas of "Don Cesar de Bazan," and "The Corsican Brothers," have drawn excellent houses here during the week. Mr. J. C. Cowper has sustained the principal character in both pieces, well supported by Mr. E. F. Edgar, Mr. Johnstone, Miss Minnie Davis, and the other members of the company.

ASTLEY'S—"The Child of the Sun" has been withdrawn, the part assigned to Miss Menken not being so attractive to the audience

as her famous character in "Mazeppa." This latter piece has therefore been revived, and again "The Meekness" shines forth as the hero. The burlesque of "Ixion" follows.

ST. JAMES'S—The drama of "Lady Audley's Secret" was reproduced on this stage on Saturday evening, with all its original effects, and with new scenery by Mr. E. Grieva. Miss Herbert resumes the part of the heroine, and the assumption has lost not a jot of that power and delicacy of delineation which gave such éclat to the piece when brought out on these boards in the February of 1863. Robert Audley, originally played by Mr. A. Stirling, is now rendered by Mr. Belton with a great deal of care and effect, and Mr. Frank Matthews once more represents the drunken and ferocious Luke Marks with all the advantage of his thoroughly artistic powers. The cast is in other respects very efficient, and the revival was most cordially received by a numerous auditory. This was followed by Mr. Mark Lemon's comedietta of "The St. James's Ladies' Club."

CRYSTAL PALACE—In addition to the attraction which Handel's serenata, "Acis and Galatea," afforded on Saturday, there was a show of chrysanthemums and pompons; and, although the number of exhibits was perhaps less than might have been expected, considering the mildness of the season, the quality of the plants was considerably above the average. Upwards of 6,000 persons were present, and the Palace was brilliantly illuminated for the promenade. Miss Edmunds, Mr. George Perren, Mr. Moulton Smith, Mr. Wells, and the excellent chorae, gave the greatest satisfaction in their rendering of "Acis and Galatea."

EXETER HALL—A special repetition performance of Mendelssohn's "Lobengrin" and Mozart's "Requiem" will be given at Exeter Hall, on Tuesday next, by the Sacred Harmonic Society. The "Creation," with Miss Louisa Pyno, Mr. Leigh Wilson, and Mr. Santley, will be given by the National Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin, on Wednesday.

GREAT ST. JAMES'S HALL—Professor Anderson continues his invitations to the public schools and institutions in the metropolis. On Saturday last all the boys and girls from St. Martin's-in-the-Fields School were present. The hall was crowded, and the combined attractions of Anderson, Macoske, and the Great Giant, with his Lilliputian company, gave complete satisfaction.

MR. AND MRS. O. KEAN—We regret to hear from Chicago that on the 31st ult. Mrs. Kean had been very ill for a week, suffering from chills and fever, a common complaint at Chicago. It was hoped and expected she would appear as Queen Katherine for their benefit on November 3. These talented and successful artists were to play one more night there (Saturday, Nov. 4), and then commence at Detroit on the 8th, after which they proceed to Cleveland, Columbus, St. Louis, Louisville, Memphis, New Orleans, Mobile, Richmond, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Albany, and Boston. They then proceed to New York, and take a farewell benefit at the Academy of Music on the 16th of April, sailing for England on the 18th of April, 1866.—Era.

Artistic.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

There was a strong disposition to back Lord Lyon both for the Two Thousand and Derby; and while three "monkeys" were accepted by a noble lord identified with the Danebury stable that Mr. Sutton's horse wins the "Guineas," a very large speculation offered to take 8 to 1 to the like amount that he carries off the Derby, and the same about Rustle as well. The remainder of the quotations call for no comment, if we except the coming tendency of Auguste, who was during one period of the afternoon in great request at the quoted prices. The following will be found a correct return of the tone of the market at the close:—

TWO THOUSAND—3 to 1 agt. Mr. R. Sutton's Lord Lyon (t); 8 to 1 agt. the Duke of Beauford's Rustle (t and w); 20 to 1 agt. Count F. de Lagrange's Auguste (t and off); 30 to 1 agt. Baron Rothschild's Janitor (t); 33 to 1 agt. Lord Alibury's o by St Albans—Bribery (t); 33 to 1 agt. the Marquis of Hastings's Blue Riband (off); 50 to 1 agt. the Hon. B. Hawke's o by Stockwell—Missumer (t); 50 to 1 agt. M. Lupin's Maravellis (t); 1000 to 15 agt. Count F. de Lagrange's Raven (t); 1000 to 15 agt. Mr. Naylor's Monarch of the Glen (t); 1000 to 15 agt. Lord Exeter's Knight of the Crescent (t); 1000 to 10 agt. Mr. R. Dick's Mephistopheles (t).

AQUA TIOS.

SCULLERS' RACE FOR £50—On Monday afternoon, Robert Pick, of Thamesbank, Kimble, and William Sadler, of Putney, contended for £25 aside, in outriggers, from Putney to Barnes railway-bridge. They made their debut in private sculling, but have before contended at regattas. Pick is twenty-one years of age, stands 5 feet 8 inches, and weighs 9st. 8lb; Sadler, three years his senior, is 5 feet 6 inches, and weighs near 10 stone. Citizen N (Captain Wanslaw) accompanied the race, with a good party; betting being 6 and 7 to 4 on Sadler to a considerable amount. Mr. John Ireland was referee; Mr. Henry Salter umpire for Pick, and Joseph Sadler for his brother. Stephen Salter piloted Pick, who had trained at Wandsworth, and the champion Kelley looked after the interests of Sadler, who trained at the champion's hotel at Putney. Pick won the toss, and chose middle, and they were not long in getting away, Pick with a good lead. Sadler was soon well at his work, and at the Star and Garter was only a few feet to the bad, and they were level at the Duke's Head. Sadler shot to the front directly afterwards, and rowing with great judgment, led by half a length at Simmonds's. This he increased to a length near the London Boat House, and took his man's water above the Opeck. The race was over. Pick rowed a capital stern wagen, and displayed a fair amount of style, but Sadler was too strong for him, led by three lengths at Hammer-smith, and won by a similar distance in 22 min. 30 secs., very decent time. Pick was rather distressed at the finish.

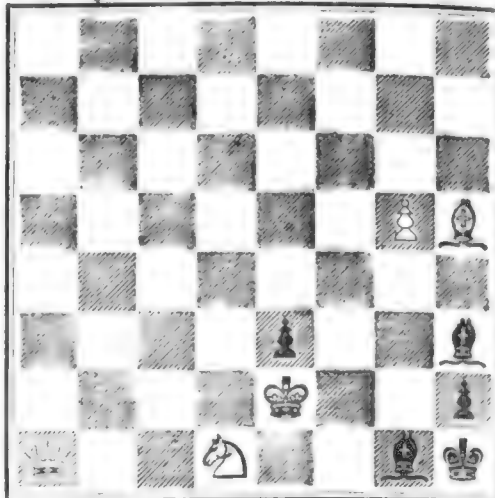
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.

This large engraving which we give on page 377 is from a painting by Mr. B. Elmore, and was first exhibited at the British Institution in 1859. For correctness of detail the picture stands out prominent. There is so much truth and fidelity in its minutest particular that we are convinced in a moment that Mr. Elmore studied it from life. Few who have visited our old country villages but will at once recognise something familiar to them. They will ponder and think where they could have seen the original blacksmith's shop, and it will not be long ere they called to mind some place very much like it, and will even remember the expression of the features of the children looking in at the open doorway. The two old men are having a moment's rest, while the carrier, whose horse has cast a shoe, looks stolidly on, as if impatient to get on. The female, too, looks interested, as though she were his passenger, and also eager to pursue her journey. Our readers, if they refer to the picture, will find many more objects of simple interest to comment upon.

BEYOND ALL COMPETITION—T. R. WILLIS, Maker and Importer of Musical Instruments. Established 1813. The trade and amateurs supplied with Harmonium Reeds, Musical Strings, and all kinds of fittings. (List free. 29, Minories, London.—Advertisement.)
YOUNG'S ASSORTED ORGANS AND FLUTES are the best ever invented for giving immediate ease. Price 6d. and 1s. per box. Observe the Trade Mark—H. Y.—without which none are genuine. They are sold of most respectable chemists in town and country. Wholesale Manufacturers, 21, Shaftsbury-place, Aldersgate-street, E.C., London.—(Advertisement.)

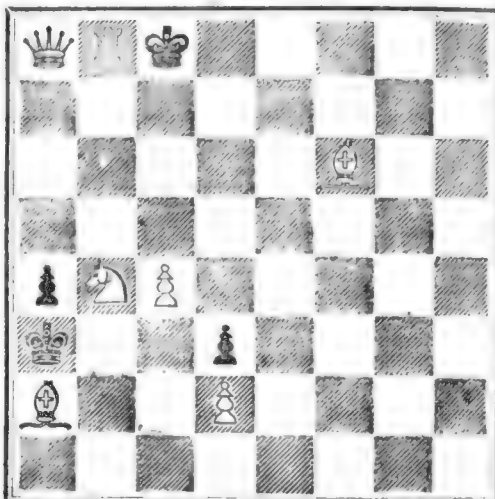
Chess.

PROBLEM No. 311.—By G. J. GLEN, Esq.
Black.



White to move, and mate in three moves.
[From the Belfast Northern Whig.]

PROBLEM No. 312.—By R. B. WORMSLEY, Esq.
Black.



White to move, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 298.
White. 1. P to KB5. Black. 1. B to KR6.
2. R to KB5. 2. Any move.
3. Kt takes B, mate.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 299.
Q to R square, and mates next move.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 300.
White. 1. K to Q square. Black. 1. P to KB5.
2. P takes F (ch). 2. Any move.
3. Q mates.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 301.
White. 1. Kt to K5. Black. 1. K takes Kt.
2. Kt to Q B3. 2. P Queen.
3. P mates.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 302.
K to Q B8, and mates easy in two more moves.

T. MARSH—The "A B C of Chess" is a very useful little work for beginners. So also is Keen's "Shilling Manual of Chess." We cannot recommend the third work mentioned by you; it is so full of typographical errors as to throw considerable impediments in the way of a beginner.

F. B. of B—II, on examination, we find your Problem to be correct, it shall appear. The idea is novel and ingenious, and is an excellent position, if sound.

E. MASON—The Problem forwarded by you is one of many equally beautiful positions by the late Mr. J. Brown (J. B. of Bridport). We very much regret that we were not apprised of the existence of the Problem at an earlier date. The solution commences with Q to Q R square.

J. BARLIE—Your Problem is an easy mate in three moves, beginning with K to Q B6 (ch). The Diagram has been sent as requested. A postage stamp should, however, have accompanied your letter.

E. FENWICK (Wymondham)—The Norwich Chess Club recommends its meetings on the 1st proximo. The subscription is 3s. per annum. Address, the Hon. Secretary, F. G. Banger, Esq. Norwich.

DECIMA—Try Kt to Q B6, for the first move of the solution of Problem No. 263. Perhaps the difficulties as to the rest may not be insurmountable.

IMPORTANT TO MOTHERS—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child, suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth?—If so, go at once to a chemist and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. This preparation, which has been in use for America over thirty years, and very highly recommended by medical men, is now sold in this country, with full directions on the bottle. It is pleasant to take and allays all pain, relieves wind in the stomach, and regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery or diarrhoea, whether it arise from teething or other causes. Buy and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and see that "Curets and Perkins, New York and London," is on the outside wrapper. Price 1s. 1d. per bottle. Sold by chemists and medicine dealers everywhere. Principal office, 208, High Holborn, London.—(Advertisement.)

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AT THOS. WATKINS, 263, WATKINS-STREET, LONDON—Superior Harmoniums from 5s. 4d. and upwards. New model pianofortes from sixteen guineas; also all other instruments and fittings, at the lowest possible prices. Price list, post-free.—(Advertisement.)

MISTAKEN IDENTITY OF A DOG—Captain Hugh Goldiecutt of the 60th Rifles, residing at Park Lodge, Hurstey, was summoned at the instance of Richard Anderson, employed on the Alexandra Park estate, for the unlawful possession of a valuable terrier dog, his property. Mr. Hammond appeared for the complainant. Anderson is appeared had a dog which he lost on the 18th September, and his little boy saw it, as he alleged, in the possession of Captain Goldiecutt. The dog was produced in court, and sworn to by Anderson, who said he had his mother in his pocket. The dog was taken out of cooling water. Captain Goldiecutt declared that it was a case of mistaken identity. He produced Mr. Dance, the superintendent of the Great Northern Railway at Peterborough, and one of his staff. The dog was born in June, and had been in the possession of Captain Goldiecutt from the 11th September. Mr. Dance brought the mother of the dog from Peterborough to this court. The dog had a mark by being burnt. The chairman (Mr. Budkin) intimated that it was clearly a case of mistaken identity, after the evidence of the witnesses from Peterborough. Mr. Hammond said Anderson was permitted to keep the dog as his property, but he would not carry the case further. The bench decided on dismissing the summons. Mr. Skaffe (the magistrate's clerk) said he should charge no costs to Anderson, and Captain Goldiecutt would have to pay the witnesses from Peterborough. The summons was accordingly dismissed.

THE NEGRO REVOLT IN JAMAICA.—TERRIBLE BE- PHISALS OF THE WHITES.

The following is extracted from a private letter, dated Kingston, October 23:—

"I must do my best to give you some idea of the awful scenes of the last fortnight. In my last I mentioned the general distress. There appeared to be discontent among the black people. It had caused as much trouble, as the tenants, with few exceptions, refused to pay me their rents. Well, this feeling appears to have been far more general than I thought, and the Queen's answer to the black people's petition seems to have given them much dissatisfaction. In their ignorance they in some places said that it never came from the Queen, but was made up in Spanish Town; but no one ever imagined the fearful tragedy which has resulted. On Wednesday, the 11th, a vestry meeting took place at Morant Bay, thirty miles from Kingston; there were present the Custos, the Baron Von Kettelholdt, a man universally respected and loved; Mr. Cook, the rector, and his two sons; Mr. Herschell, the curate of Bath; and a respectable black man named Price; and Mr. Georges, a large planting attorney; the names of the others present are of no importance. The business of the meeting was concluded, when a gong was heard and gangs were seen surrounding the Court-house, men and women armed with knives and cutlasses: doors and windows were immediately closed. Mr. Herschell proposed prayer; and oh! what solemn prayers were offered in that awful hour! The wretches fired the roof, and when that began to drop in nothing remained but to escape by the windows. The poor old baron was the first, I believe, who fell, literally cut to pieces. Mr. Dalton was injured in jumping through the window, but was pursued and butchered. The rector's two sons were murdered in his sight, and he severely beaten. Poor Mr. Herschell escaped over the fence, but they caught sight of him, and who can tell the horrors of his death? He offered money—everything he had—for his life; but his life was doomed, and they tortured him, cutting and sticking him all over, heedless of his prayers to despatch him. The volunteers came out, and the Riot Act was read; but, poor fellows! they fought bravely against fearful odds, and were cut down, most of them killed. Two were brought wounded to Kingston, and are now in the hospital. You may imagine the panic when the news reached Kingston. On Thursday the governor and troops went round in the Wolverine. The rebels had done frightful work from one estate to another—destroying the dwellings, butchering the unfortunate whites; men, whom they caught,



A MAROON.

for rising, which was to have been throughout the country; but for this mistake every white man was to have been massacred, and the white women reserved as servants, &c."

This wonderful and loyal people (the Maroons or Aborigines of Jamaica) have, under Colonel A. G. Fyfe, who led them in the last rebellion, turned out for the Government to clear the mountains of St. Thomas in the East of the rebels who seek shelter in the natural wilderness of their strongholds. Their appearance, decorated with their well-known "war paint," covered with bushes and twigs of the lignumvite, struck terror into the hearts of the rebels at Portland and St. Thomas in the East. Where they lay down nothing was discernible of their bodies—nothing but the living bush that covered them. In this way they spring like tigers upon their prey, who, seeing nothing but a forest of bush, imagine themselves secure. They are already scouring the country for rebels, dragging them from their concealment, and exterminating them wherever they have been found. Over one hundred rebels are reported to have been shot by the Maroons in this mission already. At an execution of the rebels, and while the dead bodies were hanging as a public example, the Maroons (we are informed by Colonel Hunt), assembled around the gallows, where they had a vantage, the savage wildness of which was truly grand.—Kingston, *Gleaner*.

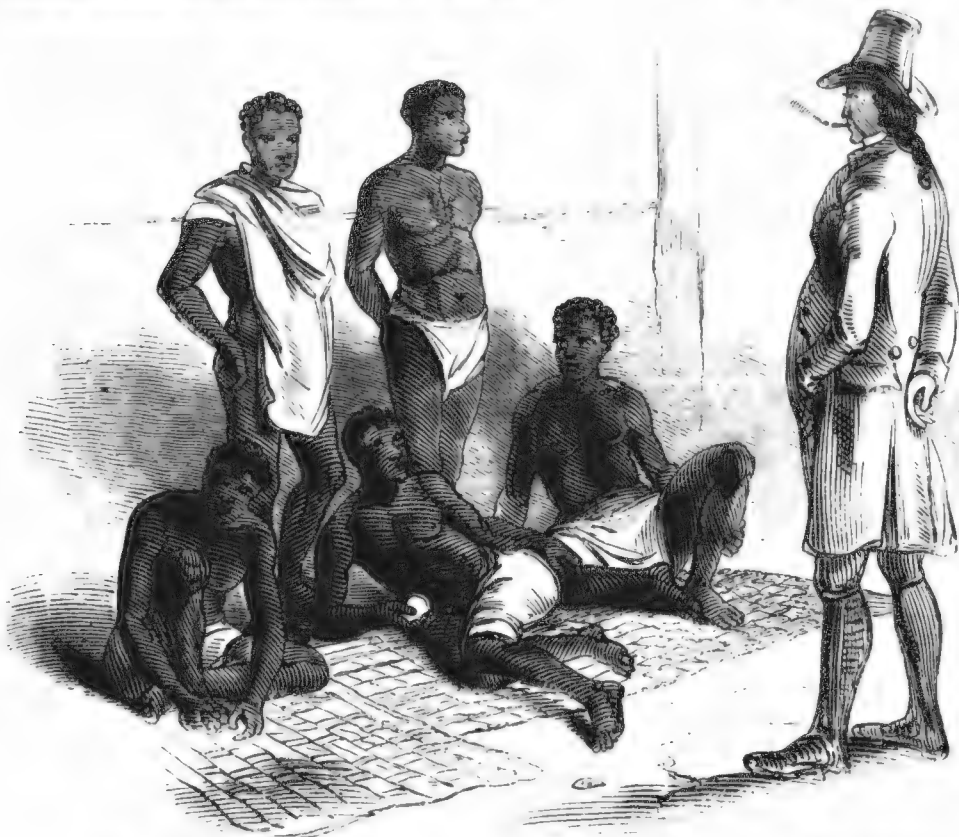
The following is an extract from a despatch from General Nelson:—

"Head-quarters, Morant Bay, Oct. 24, 1865.

"The great rebel Paul Bogle has been captured by the Maroons under command of Colonel Fyfe. His trial will forthwith begin. There is not a chance of his escaping the punishment he so well deserves. At five p.m., Moses Bogle, brother of Paul Bogle, George Craddock, secretary to Paul Bogle, and J. M'Laren, occasionally secretary, and Brown, called Captain General, a notorious rebel, were hanged. Paul Bogle's son-in-law, and the man who first entered M'Laren's house, await execution. Colonel Fyfe reports that he has captured a number of the rebels armed with cutlasses, but no time to give names."

"Morant Bay, Thursday morning, 7 a.m., October 18, 1865.

"The supposed rebels that were captured and brought in during the day of Tuesday last and early on the following morning were examined by the provost-marshal, at his office, but, beyond being



AN INSURRECTIONIST LEADER AT PORT MORANT ADDRESSING THE NEGROES.



FLOGGING A REBEL.

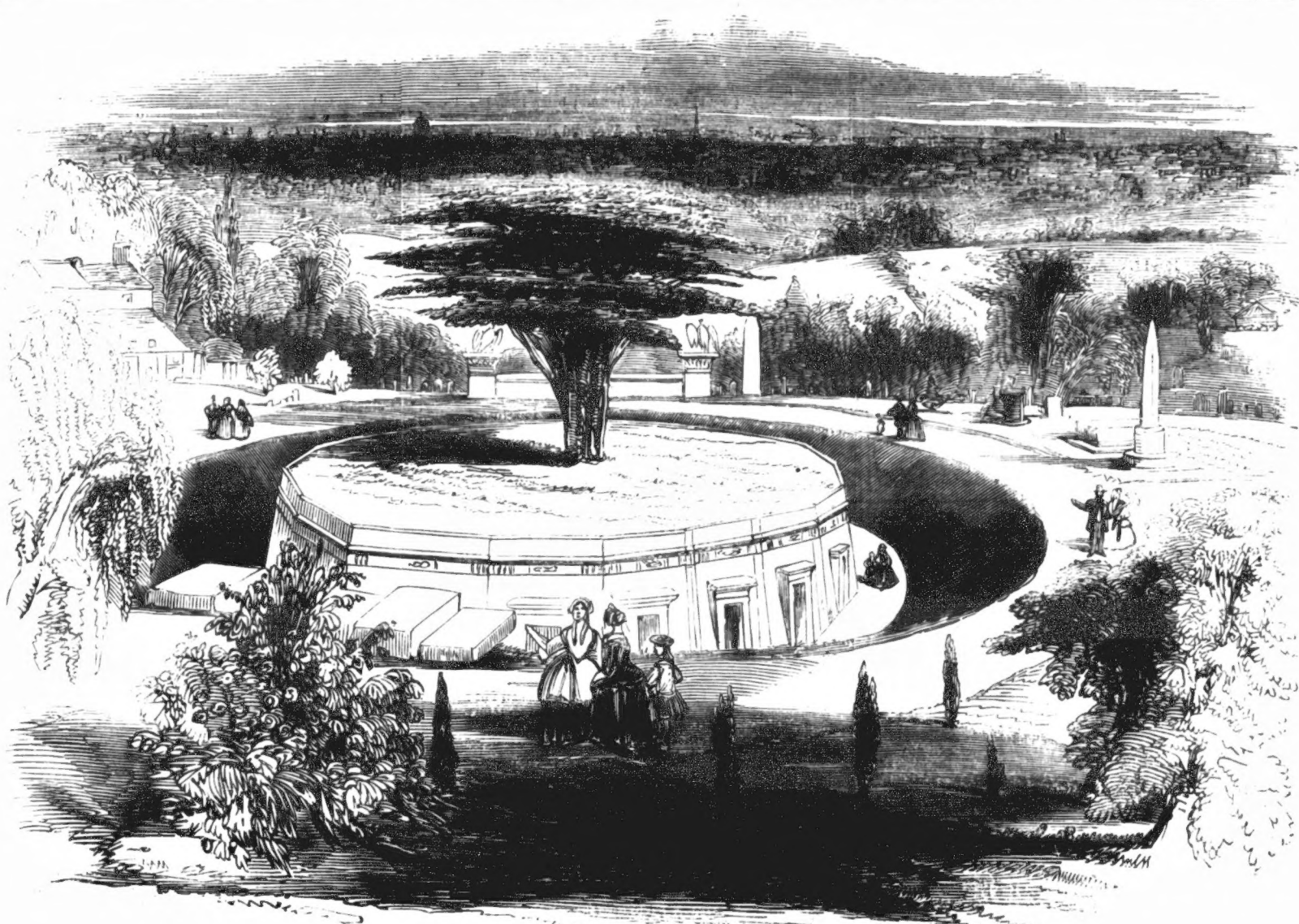


MOZAMBIQUE SLAVE WOMAN.

Mr. Hier was at his dinner-table. Men and women rushed upon him, cut off his fingers, mutilated and tortured him, and left him at the house door to die. Among many desolate homes is Boston, where my children spent a happy visit with the Rev. Mr. Orgill's family, the parents of the poor widowed Mrs. Herschell. It was a prosperous and happy home, and they had a large family, who were brought up in the fear of God. Ladies and children had to fly, and remained hidden in the bush—some without food, shoes, or stockings. When the troops arrived, and the rebels were somewhat checked, the refugees—among them poor Mrs. Herschell—were put on board the Wolverine and brought to Kingston. Many took refuge in Port Antonio, and were taken on board an American vessel. I could not give you an idea of the wide-spread desolation and the frightful butcheries; but what has surprised and terrified every one is the discovery that it has been a concerted and organized plan to destroy every white man in the country. It appears to have been instigated by a Mr. George William Gordon, a coloured man, a merchant in this town, who has property all over the island; he is a thorough Radical, bitterly opposed to the Church of England; he has gone about from place to place, holding meetings professedly for the instruction of the blacks, but he has been much disliked by many white people as a bitter-minded and prejudiced man. He was arrested about a week ago, and taken to Port Morant, where a court-martial has been sitting ever since the rebellion. He has been found guilty, and was hanged this morning. Rebels are being brought to Port Morant, and hanged in numbers, forty-seven at one time. Hundreds have been hanged, and they say that the military are shooting them down in such numbers that the road from Long Bay to Manchioneal, a distance of eight miles, was so strewn with dead bodies that it was difficult to pass. Martial law is proclaimed, and you will easily believe there is a general panic. We have not sufficient troops in the island, but are anxiously looking for some from Nassau. The volunteers are doing valiantly. Every one is joining, and the city is guarded every night. No trials or confessions are as yet published; when these are known matters will be better understood. One thing has been ascertained, that the Morant Bay rebels mistook the day fixed



MOZAMBIQUE SLAVE.



GENERAL VIEW OF HIGHGATE CEMETERY.

stragglers, nothing was proved that warranted the committal of the whole of them before a court-martial. About thirty were, one by one, lashed to a gun and catted, receiving fifty lashes on the bare back, laid on after the man-of-war fashion, and the rest (about twenty) committed as rebels. Among the rebels was George Marshall, a brown man, of about twenty-five years old, who, on receiving forty-seven, ground his teeth, and gave a ferocious look of defiance at the provost-marshal. He was immediately ordered to be taken from the gun and hanged. No time was lost, and he was accordingly strung up in the presence of the insurrectionists. At twenty minutes to two o'clock, a company of Maroons, under command of Captain Ellis, of Moore Town, Portland, came in with thirty-nine rebels, picked up in the Plantain Garden River district; some of these belong to Morant Bay. Joseph Harris, one of the rebels just brought in, having escaped from the district prison during the insurrection, was immediately catted (fifty lashes) in the presence of his co-rebels. Four more belonging to the same batch, received the same punishment for insubordination while they were being examined. Another of the rebels belonging to the same gang—the leader of the Port Morant rebels—named David Oopeland, received twelve lashes. Frank McQueen and Joseph Mitchell, the identified murderers of the Rev. Victor Horschell, brought in along with the same batch, were immediately ordered to be hanged. One rebel was shot yesterday at Easington by the regulars. He was asked if he knew where Paul Bogle was (the ringleader). He said 'Yes,' but refused to tell where he was secreted. He said he preferred to be shot than reveal his hiding-place. He was instantly popped down. At the same place (at the court-house) two of the rebels were flogged. On Wednesday last, a pilot (black), one of the leaders of the district to which he belongs, was hanged at Leth Hall. At ten o'clock this morning, one of the chief rebels (Taaf Williams) was brought in by a rural constable. He was taken in the woods concealed. This rebel was the man who ordered, on the day of the insurrection, the release of the prisoners confined in the Morant Bay district prison. His entire clothing is covered with blood. The rural constable who captured him is a man called Thomas Williams. George B. Clarke, a vestryman of this parish, one of George W. Gordon's adherents, and son-in-law of one of the Bogle, was captured this morning, and after examination by the provost-marshal, was declared a rebel. He was handed over to the military authorities to be tried by court-martial, having just received a few stripes from the blue jackets to teach him manners and refresh his memory. Among the most notorious rebels brought in this morning is Duncan Stuart, the man who, it is alleged, assisted Mary Ward in the murder of Mr. Charles A. Price. He was immediately catted and handed over to the military authorities. At half-past three o'clock, the cavalry from Easington, one under command of Captain de Cordova, and the other under command of Captain Astwood, entered the town with twenty-three prisoners, amongst them B. B. Cowell (a negro), one of the originators of the insurrection.

THE EXECUTION OF MR. GORDON.

The *Colonial Standard* of the 26th ult. gives the following description of the execution of Mr. Gordon, on the 23rd ult.:—"Barracks soon spread that George William Gordon was to meet his doom at seven o'clock, and, as it wanted only a few minutes of that time, I hastened down to the place of execution. There he stood, high above all the other rebels, beneath the great arch of the burnt Court House, with his hands and feet pinioned, and the halter already around his neck. It was underneath this same arch he stood taking notes on the day of his ejection from the vestry board. Beneath him were the steps on which he was wont to stand when

haranguing a multitude on the days of election. Before the drop fell he requested the provost-marshal to put him out of the world quickly, and not punish him. As the fatal plank was withdrawn he struggled, but it was for a few moments—life was soon extinct. Up to his last moments he received unusual consideration from the provost-marshal, notwithstanding the strict guard placed over him. Seventeen others were also executed, amongst them George Macintosh, one of the plotters of the insurrection, and Cameron, who confessed to having shot a volunteer, and in whose premises a volunteer rifle was found. Early this morning, before George William Gordon was conducted to the scaffold, he asked for pen, ink, and paper, which were given to him. He wrote several letters, and desired the provost-marshal to hand them to the brigadier-general, and thanked him (the provost) for his kindness towards him while in his custody. The court-martial for the trial of other rebels (about 200) resumed their sittings at nine o'clock.

FUNERAL OF TOM SAYERS, THE PUGILIST.

THE beautiful suburban cemetery of Highgate was recently the theatre of an exhibition which, for irredeemable blackguardism, brutal levity, and barbaric ferocity, we are sure the like never disgraced the hallowed precincts of that most hallowed of spots—an English graveyard. As it was pretty generally announced that Tom Sayers would be buried at Highgate Cemetery, it will be no matter of surprise to the public to learn that, even if not supplemented by strangers, the people of Camden-town, who so long knew the late Tom as a neighbour, would turn out in large numbers to pay him the last token of a respect which his quiet demeanour had always secured for him while living; but all these expectations were exceeded, for from an early hour the High-street began to show unusual signs of some portending event of consequence, and a motley multitude found its way from all quarters of the metropolis.

Precisely at a quarter to three o'clock the hearse and the mourning and private coaches which formed the procession emerged from the street in which they were marshalled, and drew up in front of the house of Mr. Mensley, the coffin being immediately placed in the hearse, which was drawn by four superbly mounted horses. The second conveyance in the procession was the well-known gig of the deceased, containing his dog, whose familiar face stood high above the apron. The poor animal behaved remarkably well; he had a plain band of orange round his neck in addition to his collar, and, after a little apparent meditation on the peculiar scene before him, he mounted the seat and quietly kept a recumbent position there throughout the route to the cemetery. The mourning coaches, six in number were soon occupied. The first contained Mr. Sayers, sen., a patriarchal-looking man, the daughter Sarah, and Thomas, the son of the deceased, accompanied by Mr. Mensley. In the other carriages were some of the more intimate friends and relatives of the late Tom. Among others were Mr. Richard Sayers, Mr. R. King, Tom's brother-in-law; Mr. H. Bennet, Mr. W. P. Warner, several of Sayers's early and influential supporters, Nat Langham, Harry Brunton, and James Welsh, Tom's seconds at Farnborough.

When at last the procession reached the cemetery gates, the scene was perfectly appalling—the vast crowd rocked and swayed and bellowed, and, impelled forward by the immense pressure from behind, the efforts of the police to shut the gates were perfectly futile, and the smart body of A's and Y's who were on duty, although they made a manful stand, recoiled before thousands of the frantic crowd as chaff driven before the wind. Away rushed the mass of rascals upon the hill, at the top of which the grave is situated; and here they danced and screamed, yelled and hooted, whistled and

shrieked, like demons; but perhaps when we say that the outpourings of Somers-town, Soho, St. Giles's, Whitechapel, and the "other side of the water," were now in full swing, and completely masters of the position for a good ten minutes, the public will require no further explanation on our part as to the hideous nature of the din which arose in that city of the dead. On the trees—notably on one beautiful willow which overhung the open grave—and on the monuments, men, women, and boys were clustered like bees, and when at last the police made their appearance and charged the rabble who had surrounded the untenanted grave, the crush was tremendous. Crash went branches of trees and bushes; iron rails were broken like reeds; and, in particular, one beautiful obelisk, of recent erection, over the grave of Mr. Sutton, of Upper Olapton, lay prostrate among the crowd. After this episode comparative order was restored, and the small enclosure which had been barricaded round the grave cleared for the occupation of the relatives and chief mourners, so that when the body arrived, borne by the undertaker's men, it was quietly consigned to its last resting-place, and the burial service conducted with appropriate and impressive solemnity.

We give on this page a view of Highgate Cemetery. Some of the features in that burying-place are thus described in a letter to a daily contemporary, referring to the projected erection of a monument over Sayers's grave:—

"Highgate Cemetery, the Père-la-Chaise of North-West London, has a beauty of site scarcely equalled in the case of any other burial-ground in England. It stands on the side of a hill commanding a noble prospect, and a surrounding expanse of picturesque undulations is secured it by the happy circumstance of its adjoining the grounds of Holly Lodge, the pleasant residence of Miss Burdett Coutts, who has added a neighbouring grace to the still rustic avenue known as Swain's-lane, by erecting a perfect little village of substantial and slightly dwellings. In that cemetery, so placed and so beautified, was but the other day interred the body of Mr. Thomas Sayers, a fighting man of more than ordinary note; and in that cemetery it is proposed to raise a monument to his virtues and his fame. There is, I suppose, no particular objection to this notable scheme. The nucleus of a regular group of storied urns and animated busts, dedicated to the memories of deceased members of the P. R., and entitled 'Pug's Corner,' might even be afforded by Mr. Sayers' grand marble tomb without the facts provoking stern rebuke. Fantastic, not to say grotesque, performances of the stonemason's hand, governed by the average pork-butcher's or publican's invention, are there already. Near the newly-tufted grave of Tom Sayers is the striking sarcophagus of Mr. Atcheler, the eminent horse-slaughterer, surmounted by a noble animal of the Suffolk Punch breed, whose head is drooped sadly, as if to shed a pensive tear. The sentiment is, to a slight extent, marred by the reflection that, of all living creatures, the least likely to be, metaphysically speaking, 'out up,' by the death of a knacker, would be a horse. In a position more removed from the locality of the pugilist's grave is another noteworthy tomb—that of Wombwell, whose name is dear to our earliest remembrance, as being in itself a perfect guarantee for the excellence of a wild-beast show. A corpulent lion, rather sleepy than sorrowful, crouches in a comfortable posture on the top of this imposing monument, whereon the king of showmen is called, with euphonic disparagement, a 'managerist.' One cheerfully composite sepulchre is, like the coffin of Chang Woo Gow—formerly of Fyehow and now of Piccadilly, giant and philosopher—tenacious. Long may its proprietor live to be edited and improved by the many quotations, from the diabolic division of Enfield's 'Speaker,' neatly out upon its polished base. There is a monument to poor Thain, the policeman, who was shot

by a forger he was bringing home in custody from the Continent. Several cricketers of celebrity are buried in this picturesque and spacious place of sepulture, the most conspicuous name being that of Lillywhite, which is inscribed on a very handsome memorial of that famous player, raised as a mark of respect by the Marylebone Cricket Club. In prize-fighters, however, Highgate Cemetery has heretofore been weak. A few of inferior note lie buried there, in common graves; but Sayers is the first really well-known boxer whose coffin has entered those wide and handsome gates. This is the more singular, viewed with the fact that Kensal-green can boast many celebrated names in the annals of the ring. Brompton, too, is not deficient of such lustre as the modern gladiator's reputation can shed upon it."

Literature.

A RAILWAY ROMANCE.

At the age of twenty, I was a London clerk, living with my mother, some twelve miles out of town, on the South-Western line, and travelling backwards and forwards daily. I was a very good, quiet, and modest youth, fully appreciating the home comforts which were provided for me, and not of an envious of my more independent fellows, whose outgoings and incomings were watched by no maternal eye. To show how regular were my habits, I can appeal to the accounts in my pocket-book of that my twentieth year. My salary, I find, was one hundred and twenty pounds, and my mother allowed me another hundred; my railway season-ticket cost twenty-five pounds; my clothes, boots, hats, and gloves, twenty-eight pounds fourteen and sixpence; tolls over Waterloo-bridge, one pound seven; general expenses, including newspapers and all amusements, thirty pounds eighteen shillings and sixpence. Thus, as I boarded, lodged, and got my things washed at home, I positively saved one hundred and thirty-four pounds that year, and that not from any strong passion of acquisitiveness, but simply because I was too modest, retiring, and regular in my habits to care for spending. I rose about seven, breakfasted at eight, got to the station by nine, to my office by ten, and returned by the 5.15 train to dinner. You might have set your watch by me. This propriety of conduct was all the more creditable because evil examples were rife around me; indeed, I lived in the midst of a little colony of young men who went up to town every morning by the same train as myself, but whose return, alas! was not to be counted upon with a like regularity; the twelve, or, as my good mother used to call it with a shudder, the midnight train, being the one which too often brought their jaded, or sometimes, I much fear, their exasperated bodies home.

Amongst these dissipated clerks, lawyers, and merchants, the practice of smoking tobacco was very prevalent, forming a perpetual source of contention between the railway company and its most regular customers; the latter demanding, the former refusing, to supply special smoking carriages, war was declared. "Very well," said the travellers, "then we will smoke in the others." "If you do, we will have you up before the magistrates, and fined," replied the company. "Catch us," rejoined the travellers.

This was a difficult thing to do. The train was an express, which did not stop between our station and Waterloo. Two smokers filled two or three carriages, lit their cigars and pipes as the train left the station, and extinguished them just before the guard came round to look at the tickets. Occasionally, indeed, a spy, paid or amateur—a cantankerous drysalter was very zealous in the work—managed to secure a seat amongst the bye-law breakers, and bring one or two of them to justice; so, to insure themselves against the consequent fines, they formed themselves into an association, and subscribed to a fund which was applied to the payment of the penalty inflicted upon any unfortunate and persecuted member.

When I tell you that the cantankerous drysalter, the secretary of the Anti-music-and-dancing Society, and myself, were the only habitual masculine travellers by the nine a.m. train who were not members of that association, you will have some sort of notion of what a good young man I must have been.

I had been spinning daily up to town and back, like a human beehive, for a month, when on entering, as usual, one of the forward carriages (the smokers always took the last joints of the train's tail), I found that the far-back corner was occupied by a young lady. Now, at that time I was subject to a most extraordinary sensation, compounded of attraction, repulsion, admiration, dread, and a dozen other contradictory sentiments, on coming into contact with anything like a pretty face, with a soft complexion, in a becoming bonnet. I cannot be sufficiently thankful that this susceptibility wore out before the era of untidy hair and hats. What would have happened to me, had this present divinity been got up in the killing style now in vogue, I cannot tell. Suspicion points towards Hansell. But her dress was as demure as her face, which was bent over a book resting on her lap; a parasol lay on the seat opposite; and by her side was a portfolio, which might contain drawings or music, perhaps both. She did not appear to observe my entrance—intrusion, I almost felt it—and I seated myself at the furthest end from her, feeling as if the pendulum which should have regulated my internal economy had been taken off, setting my heart beating away like the machinery of a time-piece under similar circumstances. I was seized with a deep misanthropy, dreading the possible fellow-passenger who might enter the carriage; but when the train moved out of the station without any one having earned my hate, I experienced a total revolution of feeling, and devoutly wished that there was at least a third person present to dissipate the painfully-strong emotions which possessed me. It was a decided case of love at first sight, a thing of whose existence some sceptics doubt. Moles! Why, I myself, I *qui vous parle* here at the early period of life now treated of fallen in love at first sight with half-a-dozen different beauties in church on as many consecutive Sundays. But this was an acute attack, and the dear was as ignorant as a live shell of the effect she was producing. She read her book, got tired of it, looked out of her window, glanced past me out of mine; and I might have been invisible, or eighty or a brown-paper parcel, for any notice she took of me. It is well that horses, elephants, and young ladies are not aware of their power. Why, if she had chosen to drop her parasol out of window, and had turned to me with a "Would you oblige me by picking that up?" it is my belief that I should have precipitated myself, and deemed the opportunity a favour.

That was one idea, not the least rational either, that whirled through my brain amidst a host of others, the most maddening of which was, how nice it would be if we were a newly-married couple starting on our honeymoon!

Fortunately for the business of the office on that day, the journey only lasted for five-and-twenty minutes, at the expiration of which time the train stopped, and the guard came to my window for the tickets; I leaned across for the purpose of taking her bit of paste-board, but she, like myself, showed a season-ticket. Then we ran into the station, and directly the carriage-door was opened, I sprang out to be ready to assist her to alight. I cannot describe the feeling which ran up my arm, when, with a graceful smile, she put her little bird of a hand in mine; neither can I explain the dulness which fell upon me when she got into a cab with her portfolio, and vanished, leaving me glum as a canary in a darkened cage, till Hope whispered, "She has a season-ticket!" and I partially revived.

Hope had better ground than usual for her insinuations, and when I returned to the station that afternoon, I saw my companion of the morning fluttering into a carriage, up to which I rushed; there was one place vacant, which I secured—it was opposite to her. Again I indulged in day-dreams, again I handed her out of the carriage.

One thought spoiled my dinner, and kept me awake that night. Had that been an exceptional day? Did she always intend to go and return by my train, or was she generally later in the morning, and earlier in the afternoon? Alas! for my peace, she proved to be as regular as myself; twice a day I basked for five-and-twenty minutes in her presence, with my brain simmering and my heart stewing—fifty minutes out of every twenty-four hours! If I had been jerked-beef, it would have softened me; being lamb-like, I was done to rage.

Who was she? What was she? Why did she go up to London every day alone with a portfolio? Was she a pupil, a teacher, or some sort of professional? A respectable middle-aged person, who might have been either a dowdy lady or a superior housekeeper, met her at the Altham Station every evening; but no one ever came to escort her in London.

The carriages in the forward or anti-tobacco portion of the morning-train were but little frequented, and we constantly rode up alone; when we had company, it was generally either the cantankerous drysalter, or the secretary of the Anti-music-and-dancing Society, though occasionally the party was increased by some early Altham lady, bent on a good day's shopping; but the ten and eleven o'clock trains were the ones principally patronised by the general public.

On entering the carriage where she sat on the fifth morning, I raised my hat, and durst not look towards her again after a rash as yet, but sat with my head out of window, blushing biting my lips, and repenting my temerity. All the way up to town. However, having once commenced saluting her, I could not well leave off, so I continued a practice which ought to be universal, whenever we enter a carriage where there are ladies, receiving in return a smile and inclination of the head. So now my sensations were doubled; two greetings and two handings out of the carriage *per diem*—that was my allowance of poison. The respectable middle-aged person evidently noticed that I continually came down with her charge, for I caught her looking at me very intently once or twice, but apparently she read "Warranted not to bite" on my youthful features, for nothing came of her inspection. I was harmless, indeed, for at the end of three weeks I had not exchanged the most trivial remark with the object of my affections, much as I longed to get upon sneaking terms. Summon what resolution I might, I could not make up my mind to address her. Suppose she should stare and turn away, or snub me in some other manner; instinctive to the unprotected female, while the floor of the carriage obstinately refused to open! I durst not risk it. If I could draw her into conversation in the first instance, without directly addressing her, that would be the thing, and I endeavoured to accomplish this by attacking third parties sitting next her, hoping for an opportunity of referring to her opinion in the heat of discussion, but I had no luck. I tried the cantankerous drysalter, who evidently hated me for being younger and better-looking than himself, and not giving him a chance of prosecuting me. I attacked the secretary, who was plunged in a tract from which he refused to emerge, though he smiled urbanely and offered me a copy. I shifted the sex, and sought one morning to fraternise with an elderly lady of most benevolent countenance, who, to my horror, drew out a trumpet, and fired it in her ear, observing, "I beg your pardon; I am rather hard of hearing;" and I had to shout down the instrument at the top of my voice: "I don't think the day will last," and (for she kept me at it), other equally imbecile observations, which caused my charmer to smile—but at me, I fear, not with me.

That I ever came to be on speaking terms with my fair travelling-companion was literally accidental. I was sitting opposite to her one morning, I with my back to the engine, she facing me, and the train was rushing along at speed, when suddenly we heard three sharp, quick whistles, terminating in a prolonged scream, and the carriages jumped and bumped in a manner which showed that the breaks had been applied. Then there was a violent jerk, and the loveliest of her sex was shot into my arms, her exquisite forehead striking my nose with a violence which caused it to bleed. She was so frightened that she clung to me while I opened the door and got her out, for I knew that another train behind us was due in a few minutes, and did not see the advisability of "sitting still," as "a railway director" recommends, to be run into. The scene was one of considerable confusion; the speed of the train had been slackened in time to prevent any very serious accident, but bruised faces and contused knee-caps abounded; and you would have said, from the appearance of the passengers gathered on the bank, that a general pugilistic encounter had taken place.

"Are you hurt?" I asked. "Not at all," she replied; and the fog was broken. We talked of the accident which had happened; of how it might have been prevented; of how serious the consequences had almost been; of what results would have arisen from the train behind catching us up at the moment of collision; of the safest part of the train to undergo accidents in, and the wisest course to pursue in moments of peril; of bursting boilers, land-slips, runnings off lines, and breaking down of bridges in general; of my nose and its prospects. We talked till the line was cleared, and all the way up to London, to the very door of the cab into which I handed her.

I thought that perhaps she would feel upset by the fear and excitement, and go home earlier than usual; but no, I found her at the station that evening getting into the 5.15 as usual. "I hope you have recovered from this morning's shock?" I said, immediately.

"Nearly," she replied. "I am sorry to see that your nose is swollen."

And at it we went again. It would have been rude not to have spoken on the following morning, but indeed I felt no difficulty about the matter now; and from that day we conversed as freely and comfortably as possible, I growing more hopelessly in love than ever, as I found that the mental qualities of my charmer were as attractive as her physical beauties. Lively, natural, frank as she was, I could not find out her name, or anything about her. She always encouraged me to talk about myself, and professed an interest in my affairs and prospects—for we got very friendly, quite thick enough for that—but she did not reciprocate, and I delayed asking her point-blank until I could summon courage to make a declaration of love, when, if it met with a favourable reception, I intended to say, "Dearest, what name may I engrave on my heart?" or words to that effect.

I saw her for the first time in April, and met her almost daily till the twenty-ninth of October, on the morning of which memorable day I at last learned something about her, though not in the way I had arranged.

"You will find it very cold travelling backwards and forwards in the winter," I observed, apropos of the waning season.

"Oh, I shall be in a warmer country than this before then," she replied.

"France?"

"No; Spain. I am going out to Edward, now my education is finished, and I am old enough to be married."

"Edward?" I cried.

"Yes," she said, evidently thinking that in the course of our intimacy I had become acquainted with her story, and quite unaware of her own unintentional reticence about herself; "you know, my guardian, the kind benefactor who wished me to finish my education in England before I became—before I rejoined him." And she blushed.

Pangs of doubt and jealousy nearly stifled me. I was on the point of declaring my undying worship of the ground she walked on, and learning the certainty of the worst, when the train arrived, and I had only time to say, "I shall miss you very much."

"And I shall often think of you," she frankly replied. "I hope we shall meet again some day," and she gave me her hand.

What did that action signify? What did her words mean? Was this a leave-taking? Alas! yes. She returned not by the 5.15 that evening, nor did I see her on the following morning, nor on the next, nor ever again.

Some reader may have noticed the following advertisement in the second column of the *Times* for Nov. 23, 184—:—

"PORTFOLIO.—The young lady who rode daily for six months from Altham to London is EMPLOYED to communicate with her heart-broken companion. Can he hope? Who and what is Edward?"

I inserted that advertisement, to which I never received any answer, and which probably never reached the eyes for which it was intended.

The image of that lovely girl is still fresh, the tones of her voice young in my memory; but what her name was—how "Edward" came to be her guardian—why he lived in Spain—and whether she was, as her words seemed to imply, in training for his wife, I know no more than the reader.

[Abridged from "Chambers's Journal."]

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

FLOWER GARDEN.—The principal work now to be done in this department is the clearing and keeping of beds tidy, removing decayed leaves to form your compost heap, rolling walks and turf, and prepare for winter. Protect alpine plants from too much wet; water carnations and pinks sparingly; close pits and frames at night; and generally protect, by staking or otherwise, all plants which will stand the winter.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Continue to fully earth up celery every opportunity that fine and dry weather will permit. Sow a succession of early Marzagan or long pod beans on sheltered borders, about two feet and a half apart, and two or three inches deep. Some planted thickly together, and sheltered with long litter, will serve well for transplanting in February or March. Herbs required in a green state should be taken up with balls of earth and placed in a gentle heat. Take up endive and lettuce in weather, and store in a dry, airy shed. Keep the August sowing of onions free from weeds, and examine those that are housed. Preserve parsley by placing over the borders half-hoops, and cover the same with matting. Some early peas may be sown, taking, of course, the chance of a crop. Continue to hoe asparagus winter-greens. Watch for slugs among the young plants of cauliflower.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Continue the planting of walls and standards in mild weather, and improving the soil where necessary. Also attend to root pruning where there has been a too luxuriant, and, consequently, unproductive growth.

AN AFFECTING SCENE.—The seven men charged with the murder of a gamekeeper at Silverwood, near Rotham, have been removed from Rotherham to Wakefield, to await trial. While the prisoners were awaiting on the platform at Masborough the arrival of the Leeds train, a most affecting scene occurred. Several of their friends were there to see them off, and amongst them was a little girl about thirteen years of age, the daughter of the prisoner Sykes. As she saw her father she burst into tears and clung to him tenaciously. He endeavoured in vain to console her, and eventually he was overcome himself, and his strong frame shook with grief. Bentcliffe, who was nearest to him, also gave way, and the tears chased each other down his cheek in rapid succession. The other prisoners, in bidding farewell to their friends, were also much affected. When the train came up it was with difficulty that the girl Sykes could be separated from her father, and there were few present who witnessed the scene unmoved.

STRIKE OF THE NOTTINGHAM POLICE.—At the meeting of the town council, on Monday, the case of the threatened strike in the police force was brought forward. A few weeks ago the men when ordered on night duty refused to obey orders unless a sort of promise were made that they should receive an advance of wages. It was then agreed that their case should be forwarded to the watch committee. On Saturday night Mr. Freeman (the newly-appointed chief constable) sent for a policeman named Gent, and telling him that he understood he was the instigator of the previous strike, gave him a fortnight's notice to leave. Gent begged he might be allowed to resign at once, as he had entered the force with a good character and he wished to leave it with the same. "News of Gent's dismissal" spread through the force, and at ten o'clock, when the majority of the men mustered for night duty, they refused to go out upon their beats. Gent, they said, had only been their spokesman, and they had resolved to stand by him. The men were questioned individually, and eight of them refused stoutly to go out. These were locked up in the watch-house for the night, and eight men who had done day duty were told off to fill their posts. At the police-court, on Monday, eight of the force, named William Bibb, William Jeevons, Frederick Elie, Joseph Porter, William Lord, George Richmond, Albert Longmire, and Abraham Marriott, were charged with insubordination. The evidence went, further, to show that the men wished to know the reason of the chief constable of Gent's dismissal. The chief constable refused to tell them, and the eight men would not go out on duty. They were then secured and locked up for the night on the charge of insubordination. The bench intervened strongly on the conduct of the men, and at once dismissed them from the force, adding that if anything of a similar nature occurred with any other of the force, the law should be allowed to take its full course—namely, a fine of 40s. or a month's imprisonment.

WRECK OF THREE COTTON SHIPS.—LOSS OF HALF A MILLION.—Late advices from Key West bring intelligence of the loss of three ships laden with cotton, to the value of upwards of half a million sterling, bound for Liverpool, most of which are covered by insurance effected at that port, Lloyd's and the Marine Insurance Company. The vessels wrecked are as follows:—The ship *Caroline* Smith, 1,600 tons, from Mobile. She was driven ashore on the French reef, about forty miles of Key West. The crew were saved, but the ship and cargo were reported as lost. It is said that Messrs. Baring are interested in portions of her cargo to the extent of £40,000. The entire value of the cotton on board is stated to be £200,000. The second ship was the *Mercy*, cast ashore about twenty miles west of Key West, where she became a total loss. Four of her crew were picked up in a dying state from exposure and starvation. Nothing has been heard of the master and the rest of the crew, who took to the boats. Two other cotton-laden ships, bound to England, have been abandoned off the same coast.

ALARMING EXPLOSION AT A SUGAR REFINERY AT BRISTOL.—On Monday, between twelve and one o'clock, an explosion of an alarming nature, and which resulted in the more or less serious injury of ten persons, occurred at the works of Messrs. Finsell and Co., sugar refiners, Bristol. These works are of great magnitude, and give employment to a large number of men, and on Monday at the time named several of these were engaged about the charcoal ovens which are employed in the refining process of the manufactory. These ovens form also chambers for steam, and from some accident, which is not very clearly ascertained, an explosion took place, and the steam rushing out in dense volumes severely scalded all the persons with whom it came in contact. Ten men were so badly hurt that they had to be conveyed to the Bristol Royal Infirmary, where their injuries received most prompt and careful attention. The precise cause of the occurrence will no doubt undergo a strict investigation.

Varieties.

SMALL evils make the worst part of great ones; it is so much easier to endure misfortune than to bear an inconvenience.

It is not rude in Norway to smoke in a drawing-room; but it is discreditable to spit upon the floor.

In Fame's temple there is always a niche for rich dunces, importunate soundrels, or unsuccessful slayers of the human race.

GREEN-BOOM BETROTH.—"Pray, Tom, did I not strike out some beauties in Hamlet last night?"

"Faith, my boy, you struck out every beauty in the character."

SLID.—The man that left his shadow out in the rain and got it wet, has slid—and abscquated—probably gone to the regions where the individual resides that tried to draw his breath with a corker.

ADVICE TO HUSBANDS.—To avoid being blown up at home, take a trip in a North River steamboat. You can change by this means the monotony of your affairs, by being "blown up" away from home.

A GENTLEMAN, one evening, was seated near a lovely woman, when the company around were proposing conundrums to each other. Turning to his companion, he said, "Why is a lady unlike a mirror?" She gave it up. "Because," said the rude fellow, "a mirror reflects without speaking; a lady speaks without reflecting."

"Very good," says she, "Now answer me. Why is a man unlike a mirror?" "I cannot tell you."

"Because the mirror is polished, and the man is not."

A GOOD FAMILY MEDICINE-CHEST, with a prudent use, has saved many a life; and yet we think the idea might be improved upon and reduced to a more simple form. Take some good compound such as COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, and we find that the desired end may be obtained without scales and weights, or little mysterious compartments and eschanted bottles with crystal stoppers. Others might be used, but COCKLE'S PILLS, as tested by many thousands of persons, and found to answer their purpose as well as we set down as the best.—*Observer*—(Advertisement).

NOTICE.

In consequence of the immense demand for the back parts of

BOW BELLS,

THE LADIES' FAVOURITE MAGAZINE, it is the intention of the publisher to reprint and re-issue the whole from the commencement.

With Part I, price 5s., is presented, GRATIS, the beautiful Coloured Picture of the "Children in the Wood"—A Supplement containing Patterns of Needlework and Crochet, designed by Parisian Artists—A Supplement containing a New and Original Set of Quadrilles—and a Coloured Steel Engraving of the Paris Fashions for the Month of September, designed and executed in Paris.

With Part II, price 6s., is presented, GRATIS, a Supplement containing a Set of Quadrilles, composed by Water Bouillon—a Needlework Supplement of Parisian Fashions—and a Coloured Steel Engraving of the Paris Fashions for October.

With Part III, price 6s., is presented, GRATIS, the beautiful Coloured Picture of "Dick Whittington at Highgate"—A Needlework Supplement of Parisian Fashions for the Month—and a Coloured Steel Engraving of the Paris Fashions for November.

With Part IV, price 6s., is presented, GRATIS, a Needlework Supplement of Parisian Fashions for the Month—and a beautiful Coloured Steel Engraving of the Paris Fashions for December.

With Part V, price 6s., is presented, GRATIS, a Coloured Picture of "Our Saviour"—A Needlework Supplement in Colours—An Original Set of Quadrilles, by G. H. M. Rice—and a Coloured Steel Engraving of the Paris Fashions for January.

With Part VI, price 6s., is presented, GRATIS, a Needlework Supplement, direct from Paris—and a Coloured Steel Engraving of the Paris Fashions for February.

With Part VII, price 7s., is presented, GRATIS, Two Coloured Pictures of Queen Victoria in her royal robes, and Windsor Castle and Eight-Page Supplement of Needlework Patterns, Music, &c.—and a Coloured Steel Engraving of the Paris Fashions for March.

With Part VIII, price 7s., is presented, GRATIS, Two Coloured Pictures of Napoleon III, Emperor of France, and the Palace of the Tuilleries—A Four-Page Supplement of Needlework Patterns—a Four-Page Supplement of Music—and a Coloured Steel Engraving of the Paris Fashions for April.

With Part IX, price 7s., is presented, GRATIS, Two Coloured Pictures of Isabella, Queen of Spain, and the Royal Palace at Madrid—an Eight-Page Supplement of Music, selected from Gounod's celebrated opera of "Faust"—and a Beautiful Steel Engraving of the Paris Fashions for May.

With Part X, price 6s., is presented, GRATIS, a Splendid Engraving from Wilkie's picture of the "Only Daughter"—and a Coloured Steel Engraving of the Paris Fashions for June.

With Part XI, price 6s., is presented, GRATIS, a Coloured Steel Engraving of the Paris Fashions for July.

With Part XII, price 6s., is presented, GRATIS, a Coloured Steel Engraving of the Paris Fashions for August.

With Part XIII, price 7s., is presented, GRATIS, Coloured Portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and a Coloured Picture of Sandringham Hall—and a Coloured Steel Engraving of the Paris Fashions for September.

With Part XIV, price 6s., is presented, GRATIS, No. 1 of a new Halfpenny Weekly Periodical, called "FICTION," illustrated—and a Coloured Steel Engraving of the Paris Fashions for October.

With Part XV, price 6s., is presented, GRATIS, a Splendid Engraving from the Celebrated Picture by W. Collins R.A. "Happy as a King"—and a Coloured Steel Engraving of the Paris Fashions for November.

With Part XVI, price 6s., is presented, GRATIS, a Coloured Steel Engraving of the Paris Fashions for December.

On receipt of 8s. 4d., per Post-office order or in postage stamps the sixteen parts will be sent carriage free to any part of the United Kingdom.

JOHN DICKS, 213, Strand, London.

WHISKY.—This celebrated OLD SCOTCH WHISKY is the best in the world. It is pure, mellow, delicious, and very strong. Sold in bottles, 8s. 4d., at most of the respectable wine and spirit merchants, by the appointed Agents in the principal towns of England; or of the Great West India Company, London. W. Osborne, 10, Fleet Street, London, is the sole agent for the Scotch Whisky.

BOW BELLS,

Part XVI for December, now ready, Price Sixpence. With which is Presented, GRATIS, A Coloured Steel Engraving of the Fashions for December, drawn and coloured by hand in Paris. The Part also contains the continuation of the new Temperance Story, entitled "Better Late Than Never," the series of tales under the heading of "Voices from the Lumber-Room," and the popular story of "The Third Finger of the Left Hand."

Musical by the following eminent composers—Verdi, Ardit, W. Vincent Wallace, and Macfarren, &c., &c. London: J. DICKS, 213, Strand.

Now Ready, elegantly bound, VOLUMES I and II of BOW BELLS.

Containing 287 Illustrations, and 632 pages of letter-press; with which are Presented, GRATIS, Eleven Supplements of

MUSIC AND NEEDLEWORK PATTERNS, together with Seven PARIS FASHION PLATES COLOURED. A Magnificent Engraving from Wilkie's Picture of THE ONLY DAUGHTER, and Six Coloured Pictures for framing, viz.—Portraits of Queen Victoria, Napoleon III, and the Queen of Spain; also, Views of Windsor Castle, the Palace of the Tuilleries, and the Royal Palace at Madrid. This is the cheapest and most handsome volume ever offered to the public for five shillings; per post, one shilling extra.

London: J. DICKS, 213, Strand.

THE SEALED PACKET.

THE SEALED PACKET. A MYSTERY.

THE SEALED PACKET. SEVEN STARS.

THE SEALED PACKET. STRANGE DISCLOSURES.

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